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CHRISTMAS GREETINGS.—DRAWN BY JAMES G. TYLER.—[SEE PAGE 1038.]

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WITH

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THE NEW AMERICAN REPUBLIC.

THE details now received of the revolution in Brazil show that the imperial system had lost its hold upon the country, and that a change before many years was generally anticipated. Whether the decay of loyalty was due to the failure of the Emperor's health, or to distrust of the heiress-apparent, or to the natural growth of republican principles, the situation was such that an occasion only was wanting to assure a radical revolution in the form of government. The occasion was furnished by the mutiny of a battalion of troops in Rio de Janeiro, sustained by the sympathy of the other troops and the police, which compelled the resignation of the ministry. The Emperor was absent, and the officers, who had placed the ministers under duress, immediately proclaimed the republic, and announced a provisional government pending an appeal to the popular vote. This action was approved by the republican sentiment which had been developing rapidly in the country. The Emperor and his family were sent instantly to Europe, and without a battle or bloodshed the revolution was accomplished.

It is a revolution without precedent. No empire was ever before overturned in an hour without actual force of arms, its representatives removed from the possibility of resistance, while the new order was accepted peacefully throughout a vast country like Brazil. A vivid and interesting letter in the New York *Times* from an American resident in Rio gives by far the best account of the event yet received. It explains the peaceful acquiescence in the result by the general conviction that a republic was sure to follow Dom PEDRO'S death, and it also explains that personally excellent, simple, and patriotic as he was, he was surrounded by factions and increasing corruption, while his mental powers were plainly declining. The question of the situation, whether the Brazilians will be found capable of self-government, the correspondent of the *Times* answers at least hopefully if not confidently. The members of the provisional government are honest, patriotic, able, self-possessed, and energetic. General FONSECA, its chief, is a soldier simply, not versed in civil affairs, but he is surrounded by men who are undeniably of great ability and unquestioned honesty.

The material opportunities of the country are immense and largely undeveloped, and should the new order continue to be universally accepted in good faith, the future of Brazil is of splendid promise. Its climate is generally delightful. Its soil is singularly fertile. The country abounds in precious stones and metals. Its mineral resources are great. Its two staples—coffee and India-rubber—are of universal demand. Its government has been representative, so that republican forms are familiar. Its finances are sound, its revenues larger than its expenses and interest indebtedness. The republican leaders are students of our system, and propose its fundamental principles—national sovereignty and State autonomy—as the basis of the Brazilian Republic. The prospects of no great republic at its inception were ever brighter, and the effect upon the condition of South America of a vast republican power like our own is quite incalculable. Yet it cannot be denied that thus far it is the English-speaking race only which has shown the capacity for true popular government. None the less the United States will watch with the profoundest interest, sympathy, and hope the development of the Brazilian Republic.

FREE SCHOOLS AND FREE SUFFRAGE.

MR. SMALLEY, in a letter to the *Tribune*, describes the strikes which are proceeding in London and elsewhere in England as "the revolt of the English laborer against the existing relations between society and himself." He alludes also to "the present semi-demoralization of public opinion" upon such questions, and states that "the number of men in this country [England] with backbones has been sadly reduced since the widening of the suffrage." This remark suggests the new force which has appeared in England, and recalls Mr. LOWE'S exhortation when the suffrage bill was passed, "Now let us teach our masters their letters."

Men like Lord SHERBROOKE have always felt that enlarging the suffrage was popularizing or Democratizing the government, and consequently imperilling the existing order. This is, in a sense, although by no means necessarily in a revolutionary sense, true. Every intelligent man instructed by history and by observation perceives that free schools and universal suffrage tend to put an end to the rule of a class, and by placing lawful power with actual force favor recourse to reason as the source of government. It is a hard saying for those bred in the old traditions, but the broader the base of government, the juster, and consequently the firmer, it will be. It is idle to suppose that the mass of people in any country where education is free and constantly stimulated, and where every man votes, will not reconsider many of the fundamental relations of society, the accepted traditions, and the ancient usages, in which they have had no voice or part.

Our own government, which is the chief and freest of all popular systems, invites the most searching discussion of every question; but it does more, for it invites every man to enforce his views with his vote. The scope of this invitation is not limited to tariffs for revenue or protection. It extends beyond principles of taxation to the relations of labor and capital, to a revision of the accepted traditions of political economy, and to the determination of rules of justice in the distribution of the fruits of labor. All this results from free schools and free suffrage. They compel inevitably an inquiry in the mind of every laborer—and the great multitude of the population in every country is composed of laborers—into what Mr. SMALLEY calls "the existing relations between society and himself." The remark about the reduction of the number of men with backbones is very significant. For this really means not only the persistence of men of courage and tenacity in maintaining their own views, which presumably is what Mr. SMALLEY has in mind, but it means also a reconsideration of views as not necessarily sound because old and traditional. It used to be said of the president of a college who tried hard to adjust it to the modern spirit, that he had succeeded in changing everything but himself. The college had ceased to be what he called a primary school, but unluckily he continued to be a primary school master. It sometimes seems as if in insisting upon free schools and free suffrage we had forgotten the kind of crop that necessarily springs from that seed.

THE CRONIN VERDICT.

THE CRONIN trial has ended in the sentence of three of the conspirators to the State-prison for life. This was the verdict of the jury, which, in such cases, the Illinois law authorizes to prescribe the verdict. The reasons alleged for the punishment of life imprisonment instead of death are said to be that the evidence was circumstantial, and that the chief witnesses, as strong partisans, might be held to be influenced by prejudice. But this is an unsatisfactory explanation. If the jury believed upon the testimony, despite the fact that it was circumstantial and that the witnesses were partisan, that the accused were guilty of murder, it is not easy to see why they did not merit the penalty of murder. The testimony, according to the verdict, established conspiracy and murder. The accused were conspirators and murderers. Whether the testimony were circumstantial or not, it proved so much. If it left the matter in doubt, the prisoners should have had the benefit of it. It is only because it was not left in doubt that the verdict can be justified. The result of the trial must therefore be regarded as extraordinary. If, as is now alleged, it was due to the persistence of one man, and that, except for this compromise, agreement would have been impossible, it is a miscarriage of justice through the requirement of unanimity in the jury.

The result of the trial shows a conspiracy in the Clan-na-Gael to murder, which was carried out. Whether this implies a system of secret doom in the association, which members are delegated by lot or otherwise to execute upon the victim, does not appear, and must not be assumed. The trial does show, however, that in a secret organization ostensibly to promote what is called the cause of Ireland, such a conspiracy and such assassins appeared. For such a secret organization there is no excuse in a free country. A movement in this country to aid Ireland which is not entirely open and public should be strongly condemned and shunned by every honest friend of Ireland. Assassination, as D'AZEGLIO said in Italy, where it has been almost a characteristic practice, is the sentence of an irresponsible court, executed by unknown and unauthorized hands. It is repugnant to every instinct of freemen in a free country, and it would be impossible to any body of Americans.

In his last great oration, that at Cambridge on the centenary of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, WENDELL PHILLIPS startled his audience by the direct question of the right of assassination. In a despotism, organized and guarded at every point, what hope for relief is there, he asked, but in heroic self-sacrifice like that of CHARLOTTE CORDAY in France? In a country where your daughter or your father is seized secretly, and disappears forever without clew or hope of knowledge; where no questions are permitted; where there is no free speech, or free press, or free escape from the country; where the mere suspicion that you may be troublesome and inquisitive causes your own seizure and disappearance; where the army and the police and every possible agency of redress are in the remorseless hands of the government which commits the crime—what alternative remains but silent acquiescence in unspeakable wrong, or the brave effort at mortal risk, to prove to the chief criminal that his crimes may involve his own destruction? The plea was fervent, and the audience pondered while it shuddered. But in this country such a question cannot be asked; and if the Clan-na-Gael, under any form or name, still survives, no honest man can countenance it after the revelations of the CRONIN trial. No secret society with political aims is tolerable among us. But this one is henceforth discredited.

THE ELECTRIC PERIL.

AFTER a loss of life seemingly so wanton that the whole country looked upon New York with amazement, the order of the Mayor for the summary removal of the murderous electric wires has been sustained by the General Term of the Supreme Court, and the work of removal began promptly. It seems incredible that such an imminent deadly peril should not have been sooner authoritatively declared to be a public nuisance, and as such to be abated even by a private citizen. But the meshes and obscurity of the law are such that the sense of the personal responsibility of the citizen, or of the safety of his personal initiative, in presence of the most flagrant and obvious perils, has been apparently abolished in this city. The feeling of this kind of helplessness is quite universal, and the consequent relief of the order of the full bench was very welcome.

It is a grotesque commentary upon our uneven civilization that in the great city of the continent, and one of the few chief cities of Christendom, every passenger in the street, and every man engaged in the ordinary routine of his business, was liable to touch a wire which would kill him instantly. It is even more marvellous that at the same time the courts should be gravely considering whether the electric force which made the wire deadly would kill. In some fierce burlesque and savage satire of life, like SWIFT'S, such a representation might be expected as a stroke of scornful extravagance, and it is not surprising that the apparent acquiescence of New York in the constant and needless slaughter of innocent persons was beginning to occasion very plain speech. But nothing illustrates more happily the willing dependence of the community upon law than the attitude of the city as death after death by the electric wire, and in the most appalling form, was announced, and when every way of relief seemed to be closed. The apparent lawlessness, like the undeniable carelessness of human life, has been upon the part of the electric companies.

Indeed, in general, New-Yorkers seem to allow the streets to be abused and obstructed and neglected in every way without peremptory protest or a definite consciousness of rights. A shrewd observer and wide

traveller says, in a recent letter: "One returns from a long stay in Europe, and is amazed at the wonderful things done in our own country by individuals and corporations—fairly staggered by the greatness of them—and the next moment is filled with utter disgust at the intellectual and moral poverty shown in almost every arrangement made by our municipalities. This impressed me strongly in Philadelphia the other day. The new palaces along Chestnut Street would have aroused wonder in any city of the world; but the pavement and all the arrangements of the street, as made by the municipality, were below contempt." In New York, however, the Mayor should be fairly credited with the effort to abate the electric-wire nuisance, which the courts have now ordered to be abated.

A LITTLE GAME.

THE resignation of Mr. JAMES SHANAHAN, Superintendent of Public Works in New York, enabled Governor HILL to appoint a successor who will hold office unless during the session of the Legislature another superintendent should be appointed and confirmed. The resignation opens to the Governor the patronage of the canal administration if he should choose to misuse it to promote his own chances for the nomination of his party in 1892. It is significant of the estimation in which the Governor is held that he is believed not to be averse to such a misuse of power.

But there is one consideration that must not be overlooked. The Governor retires from office on the 1st of January, 1892, and he will be a private citizen when the delegates are elected to the nominating Convention. In the calculation, however, this is offset by the fact that he will command the situation until that time, and therefore his successor may be assumed to be in sympathy with his views, in which event he would not disturb the Governor's "little game."

The more plainly the game appears, the more evident is a most interesting contest within the Democratic lines—a contest in which Mr. CLEVELAND represents progress, and Governor HILL reaction. The Democratic Congressional caucus has pronounced unanimously for the policy which was proposed in Mr. CLEVELAND's message two years ago, and the party everywhere seems to regard him as its probable candidate. But if Governor HILL, by means of the absurd and un-American unit rule, should secure the vote of the delegation from Mr. CLEVELAND's own State, the situation would be interesting. The Republican "better element" has not always prevailed in the party councils, and it is not certain that the same element will be triumphant in the Democratic camp.

THE CASE OF GENERAL MORGAN.

So far as the opposition to the confirmation of General MORGAN as Indian Commissioner is honestly founded upon the belief that he has removed teachers or other employés because they are Roman Catholics, it will disappear upon inquiry into the facts. Not only must the disclaimers and frank statements of General MORGAN and Dr. DORCHESTER, his assistant, be received as true until disproved, but Mr. HERBERT WELSH, who has made more careful and thorough personal inquiry than anybody else is likely to make, states strongly that the Roman Catholic prelates who suppose the stories to be true are entirely mistaken.

General MORGAN has related the reasons for removal in some of the cases which were cited as illustrations of his misconduct, and his explanations have not been questioned, and apparently cannot be denied. Bishop IRELAND has made statements in regard to the opposition of the Indian Rights Association to General MORGAN's school policy which Mr. WELSH shows to be due to misapprehension. All the circumstances point to the conclusion that opposition to the confirmation is due to other than the alleged reasons, and that the lever intended to move the Senate to reject is the alleged alienation of Roman Catholic political support unless the Commissioner should be rebuked for removing Roman Catholics.

It appears that when the removals of unsatisfactory persons were completed, and complaint was made by Catholics of discrimination against them, it was found that, although Dr. DORCHESTER was a Methodist, more Methodists than Catholics had been removed. Moreover, under the present contract Indian school system, out of a total appropriation to all Churches of $506,994, the Catholic Church has received this year $354,491, the next larger sum being $47,650 to the Presbyterian Church. This certainly does not look like unfair discrimination against Catholics, while to retain teachers because they were Catholics would be strictly sectarian. If Senatorial action should be decided by the facts, the opposition to General MORGAN's confirmation upon this ground would be futile. The promise of wise and comprehensive Indian administration was never fairer than under his superintendence.

A LESSON FROM OHIO.

THE ballot-box forgeries of the late political campaign in Ohio, which left the *Commercial-Gazette* in an attitude of which the frank confession of its editor was the only relief, and left Governor FORAKER in the position of crediting charges of corruption and fraud against Senator SHERMAN and Mr. BUTTERWORTH and other eminent leaders of his own party as well as of the opposing party, will have one good effect if they lead editors and politicians to be a little more wary of sensational exposures in political campaigns.

It is not necessary to suppose that a man is a forger and a robber because he favors high protection, nor the deadly enemy of working-men because he is a friend of tariff reform. The editor of a great paper ought to know that party spirit needs no spur, and he ought to be ashamed to stimulate it by assertions that he does not know to be true. Every editor knows that stories of the Ohio ballot-box kind, or the Chinese laborer kind, which are brought to him on the eve of an election, are presumptively false, and he merely shows both want of sagacity and a fierce eagerness to blacken an opponent's good name when he swallows such familiar bait.

The case of the Governor is more serious. That his first step should not have been to ask some one of his political friends, who were apparently involved, whether their signatures were authentic is inexplicable. If that is not the course which he would have expected of them if the case had been reversed, he must hold a very queer opinion of them. The Governor of Ohio would seem to be left in political eclipse, if not extinction.

GENERAL SICKLES RESIGNS.

GENERAL SICKLES has resigned his office as Commissioner of the State Civil Service. In retiring, for private and personal reasons, he says that when he took office he doubted the expediency of reform, but his experience has converted him, and he is of opinion that a much better service is secured by the reformed system. This is the general testimony of all officers who are brought actively into connection with it, and the testimony of General SICKLES is the more significant as he does not anticipate continued political activity, and judges the reformed system wholly upon its merits. It will be interesting to observe whether the successor of General SICKLES is selected for his known interest in reform, or whether the State commission is to be reconstructed in any personal or political interest.

ROBERT B. MINTURN.

THE late ROBERT B. MINTURN bore with undiminished honor a name long honorably associated in this city not only with its commercial enterprise and material prosperity, but with all humane and charitable works, and with the highest aims and sympathies of citizenship. He was a man of remarkable and untiring intellectual activity, of a large range of exact information, and of ceaseless interest in the fundamental questions of human society and progress. The alertness of his mind and his acute insight, with his freshness of feeling, the sweetness of his temperament, and his moral courage, made him a delightful and stimulating companion, while his public spirit and sense of civic duty gave to the community a most conscientious citizen. His taste for study and a book of travel published in his early manhood indicated a possible literary career, but he followed the traditions of his name, and until his later years he was constantly engaged in business. His intellectual interests, however, dominated his life, and his convictions upon public questions and policies were but confirmed by his experience and observation. Mr. MINTURN was essentially domestic in disposition, and his great happiness was that of home. In late years he had been much withdrawn from society, and after a serious accident which befell him, his health slowly declined. But declining health only deepened the manly gentleness and charm of his character, without relaxing his interest in the events of the time and the subjects which naturally engaged his mind. Calm and cheerful, with his mental vigor untouched, and with untroubled anticipation, he passed the patient days. Suddenly and painlessly, and in entire possession of himself, his singularly blameless, upright, and devoted life ended in his fifty-fourth year, leaving to his friends a recollection which is a benediction.

A WORD WITH A CONTEMPORARY.

THE St. Louis *Democrat*, speaking of the attention given on Thanksgiving Day by preachers of all denominations in every part of the country to the subject of civil service reform, remarks that the people are practically of one mind upon the question, and wish to see "the business of the government transacted by thoroughly capable and reliable persons." Judging from the expressions of public sentiment on all sides, the *Democrat* would seem to be correct. We do not recall a single public man or editor who demands that the public service should be committed to incapable and unreliable persons. Not a single instance occurs to us in which incapacity and unreliability have been urged as reasons for appointment. Upon that subject there is a delightful unanimity of opinion.

But the *Democrat* remarks, also, that when the average citizen is asked to believe that the civil service is notoriously inefficient and untrustworthy, he is asked to believe what he knows to be false, and our esteemed contemporary adds substantially that this is what reformers allege. The *Democrat* will be glad to hear that the average citizen is not asked to believe anything of the kind. It has been cruelly deceived, and consequently as much misapprehends the grounds upon which reform is sought as if it should allege the force of the current to be the source of the objection to Newtown Creek in the neighborhood of this city. If the *Democrat* would inquire into that matter, it would learn that it is not the current, but the noxious stenches of the creek which make the trouble. Similar inquiry into the other subject would apprise it that some of the objections to the spoils system of the public service are that it is inconsistent with all business rules and methods; that it multiplies places, encourages extravagance, destroys the self-respect of incumbents; monopolizes the time of public officers which should be devoted to other duties; degrades elections into a fight for public money; destroys the real significance of elections as a popular verdict upon public policies; and pulls up by the roots the whole business service of the government at the whim of politicians.

Such tendencies and results, which are undeniable, cannot be held to promote the efficiency of any service, public or private. Nor can it be supposed that the public service would be less efficient if these tendencies were corrected. Governor HILL in New York, of whom we say a word elsewhere, will not intentionally favor the appointment either of dishonest or incapable men in the canal service. But will the public welfare or his own political advantage probably be the main consideration? The *Democrat* may be very sure that the demand for reform would not have acquired its present momentum, if its own gentle position that "there is room for improvement, of course," were the feeling of intelligent and energetic citizens. It is because of the conviction, not that there may be improvement, but that there must be reform, that the question is so prominent and commanding. We are sorry that the *Democrat* thinks that the friends and advocates of reform, among whom we wish to be included, are unwise, uncandid, and even untruthful. But did it ever know the earnest and resolute advocates of any reform not to be scourged with the same epithets? Nobody deplored the sectional madness and extravagance of the Republican movement so deeply as the great slave-holders. Yet victories are won by fighting, not by exhortations not to hit so hard.

PERSONAL.

THE late Colonel ROBERT POMEROY, of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, was at one time in his life a man of large wealth, and the free use he made of it while touring in Europe soon after the war won him the title of the "American Prince." During his stay in Rome at that time he bought a beautiful marble statue of Rebecca for $7000, outbidding the Emperor of Austria at the sale. Colonel POMEROY was princely in appearance and manner, as well as in the expenditure of money, and his home was oftentimes the scene of elegant and elaborate hospitality, many of the most prominent people in this country being his guests at various times. Among his four surviving daughters is Mrs. General BARTLETT, of Pittsfield.

—The fact that Vice-President MORTON breeds fine cattle, and sometimes condescends to take prizes with them at shows in the vicinity of Rhinecliff, does not seem to have roused granger jealousy to any marked degree. On the other side of the water, however, things are different. Queen VICTORIA, who has a penchant for fat short-horns, has recently been awarded first prizes at Birmingham and Smithfield, besides receiving fancy prices for some of her choice stock; but instead of rejoicing with her over her good luck, Tories and Radicals alike are grumbling at what they are pleased to term her unfair competition. They do not seem to think common farmers and breeders have much of a chance where royal prestige weighs heavily in the opposing scale.

—Professor BISCHOFF, the organist of the Congregational Church in Washington, has been blind from his childhood. All the new music that comes out is read to him by his secretary, one reading being sufficient to fix an ordinary piece of music in his mind, although an intricate composition sometimes requires several readings. He also finds the graphophone useful in committing music to memory or in composing, for he does considerable original work. The professor has been for many years a successful teacher of both vocal and instrumental music.

—A flogging which JOHN JAMES MAYO, the Guatemalan millionaire, received some years ago laid the foundation for his fortune. He was a collector of insects, and also acted as British vice-consul at San Juan, where the local commandant one day gave him one hundred lashes for some fancied slight. The British government took up the matter, and MAYO was paid $50,000 for the indignity. Judicious investments have since swelled this sum to $5,000,000.

—The young Emperor of China, KWANGSU, who is at the head of the oldest government in the world, and perhaps rules over more subjects than any other living potentate, is eighteen years old. He is described as a puny youth, with an exceedingly large head and a melancholy countenance—characteristics which hardly foreshadowed the inclination he has developed for taking the reins of government into his own hands, and running things a little out of the rut worn by thousands of years of Confucian precedent.

—T. J. LANE, a horse-car conductor in Pittsburgh, claims to have been the first man who laid hands on JEFFERSON DAVIS when he was captured. LANE was at the time a sergeant in the Seventh Pennsylvania Cavalry. He says he has never been rewarded in any way for the capture.

—Mr. GLADSTONE speaks frequently in the open air without his hat on, but seldom or never feels any bad effects. He attributes this immunity from colds to the fact that while on his farm at Hawarden he has been accustomed to chop and do other out-door work bareheaded.

—The Lord Mayor of London, Sir HENRY AARON ISAACS, has two daughters who are deaf and dumb. In other respects, however, they are bright and intelligent, and their education in lip-reading has been so thorough that they can attend and enjoy a play at the theatre.

—ARABI Pasha, once the ruler of Egypt, but now an exile on the island of Ceylon, is fretting himself into an early old age. He is only forty-nine years old, but he is gray and thin, and much unlike the jovial and well-conditioned fellow he was before he fell under British displeasure.

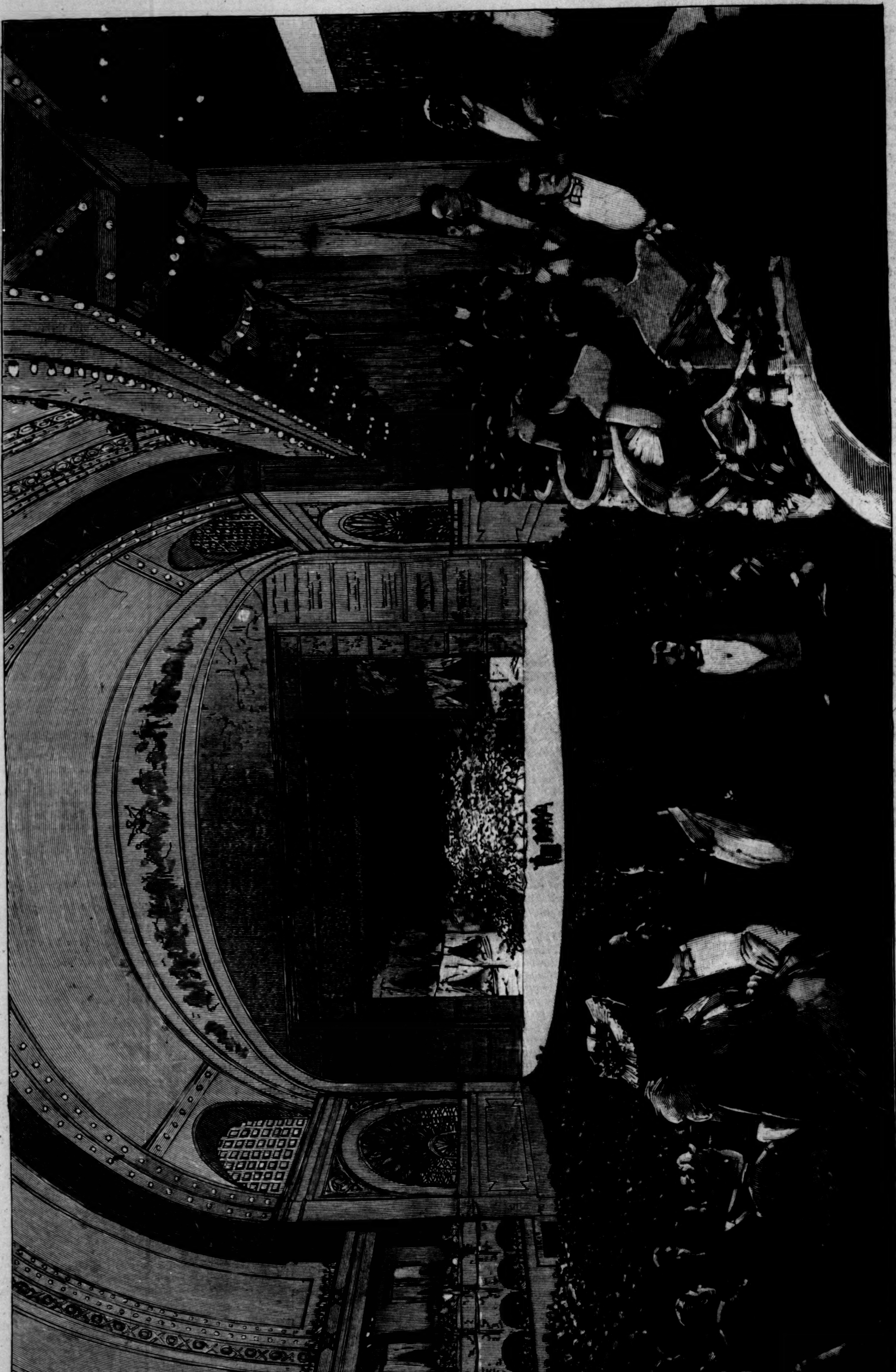
—The second daughter of Queen VICTORIA, Princess CHRISTIAN, is losing her sight from the same affection which made her great-grandfather, King GEORGE III. of England, and her cousin, the late King of Hanover, blind during the last forty years of their lives.

—HENRY WARD BEECHER's country place, Boscobel, a short distance below the Highlands, on the Hudson, has been sold to THOMAS M. STEWART, of this city, for $75,000. The estate and the improvements placed upon it cost Mr. BEECHER about $200,000. It was the great preacher's pet institution, next to his church, and many friends from all over the world sent him rare trees and shrubs with which to beautify it.

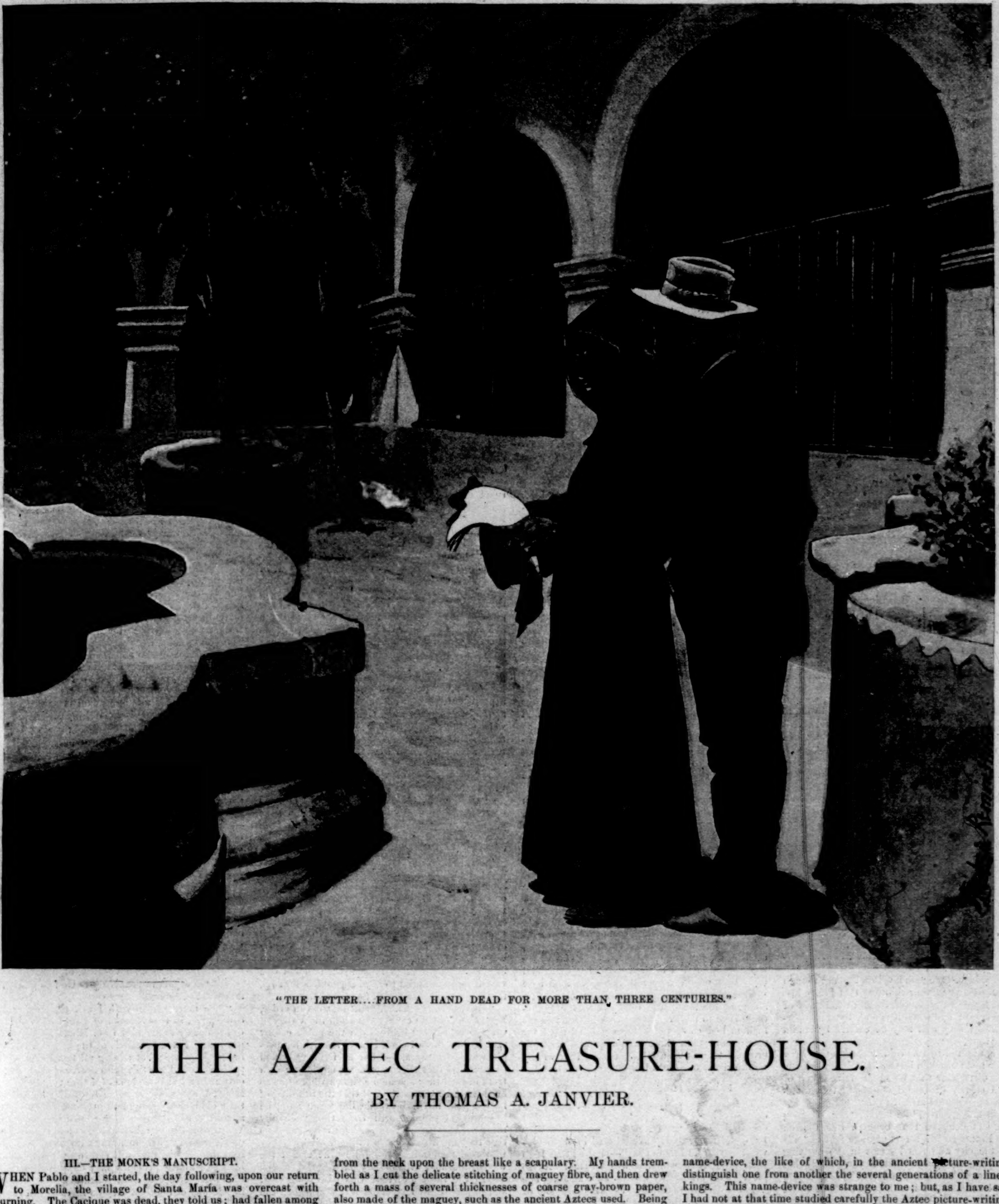
—About eleven of the eighty-eight United States Senators are millionaires, Mr. STANFORD, of California, leading with $50,000,000, Mr. CAMERON, of Pennsylvania, is credited with $15,000,000, and Mr. SAWYER, of Wisconsin, with $10,000,000. The others range between five millions and one million.

—The late Captain R. B. FORBES, of Boston, was a seaman of the olden time, when voyages to China and India were spiced with danger from pirates. Before he himself was a full-fledged sailor he had received his baptism of adventure, the American vessel in which his parents sailed with him from France being twice captured by British war ships—war between the mother country and the United States being then in progress. Captain FORBES commanded a vessel before he was twenty years old, and having amassed a fortune in the trade, began to build ships, over seventy vessels being constructed under his supervision. He did good service for the government in different ways during the war, and has been identified with many business and other enterprises in Boston.

—An unintentional wrong was done the memory of the late Colonel SAMUEL B. DAVIS, of Delaware, when, by a paragraph in this column, he was made the defendant in the suits which Mrs. MYRA CLARK GAINES brought to recover her father's estate. As the guardian of MYRA CLARK, Colonel DAVIS gave her much of the care and affection of a father, and the kindly regard existing between the two has been continued by their descendants. LAWSON L. DAVIS, of New Orleans, Colonel DAVIS's grandson, is now the guardian of Mrs. GAINES's minor grandchildren, Mrs. GAINES having died at his house. Colonel DAVIS was a man of more than usual prominence during his lifetime, and enjoyed the acquaintance of men like HENRY CLAY, General CASS, President POLK, President PIERCE, and STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS. He fought in the war of 1812, and for his distinguished services the State of Delaware gave him a gold sword.



THE INTERIOR OF THE CHICAGO AUDITORIUM.—Drawn by H. F. Farny.—[See Page 1035.]



"THE LETTER....FROM A HAND DEAD FOR MORE THAN THREE CENTURIES."

THE AZTEC TREASURE-HOUSE.

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.

III.—THE MONK'S MANUSCRIPT.

WHEN Pablo and I started, the day following, upon our return to Morelia, the village of Santa María was overcast with mourning. The Cacique was dead, they told us; had fallen among the rocks on the mountain-side, being an old man and feeble, and so was killed. And I was expressly charged with a message to the good Padre, begging him to hasten to Santa María that the dead man might have Christian burial. I confess that I found this request, though I promised faithfully to comply with it, highly amusing. For I knew beyond the possibility of a doubt that if ever a man died a most earnest and devout heathen it was this same Cacique for whom Christian burial was sought; and I felt an assured conviction that when the services of the Church over him were ended—and whatever good was to be had for him from them secured—he would be buried fittingly with all the fulness of his own heathen rites. But this matter, lying in what I already perceived to be the very wide region between the avowed faith and the hidden faith of the Indians, was no concern of mine; only I longed, as only a thoroughly earnest archæologist could long, to be a witness of the funeral ceremony in which Fray Antonio most conspicuously would not take part. As this was hopelessly impossible—for only by very slow advances, if ever, could I reach again by considerate investigation the point that in a moment I had reached by chance—I came away from Santa María reluctantly, yet greatly elated by the discovery that I had made.

So jealous was I in guarding the strange legacy that the Cacique had bequeathed to me that not until I was safe back in Morelia, in my room at the hotel with the door locked behind me, did I venture to examine it. The bag, about six inches square, tightly sewed on all four of its sides, was made of snake-skin, and was provided with a loop of snake-skin so that it might be hung from the neck upon the breast like a scapulary. My hands trembled as I cut the delicate stitching of maguey fibre, and then drew forth a mass of several thicknesses of coarse gray-brown paper, also made of the maguey, such as the ancient Aztecs used. Being unfolded, I had before me a sheet nearly two feet square, on which was painted in dull colors a curious winding procession of figures and symbols. My knowledge of such matters being then but scant, I could tell only that this was a record, at once historical and geographical, of a tribal migration; and I saw at a glance that it was unlike either of the famous picture-writings which record the migration of the Aztecs from Culiacan to the Valley of Mexico, and then about that valley until their final settlement in Tenochtistlan. I was reasonably confident, indeed, that this record differed from all existing codices; and I was filled with what I hope will be looked upon as a pardonable pride at having discovered, within three months of my coming to Mexico, this unique and inestimable treasure.

My natural desire was to carry my precious codex at once to Don Rafael, that I might have the benefit of his superior knowledge in studying it (for he had continued very intelligently the investigation of Aztec picture-writing that was so well begun by the late Señor Ramirez), and also that I might enjoy his sympathetic enjoyment of my discovery. As I raised the bag, that I might replace in it the refolded paper—which I already saw heralded to the world as the Codex Palgravius, and reproduced in fac-simile in *Pre-Columbian Conditions on the Continent of North America*—some glittering object dropped out of it and fell with a jingling sound upon the stone floor. When I examined eagerly this fresh treasure I found that it was a disc of gold, about the size and thickness of a Mexican silver dollar, on which a curious figure was rudely engraved. The engraving obviously represented an Aztec name-device, the like of which, in the ancient picture-writings, distinguish one from another the several generations of a line of kings. This name-device was strange to me; but, as I have said, I had not at that time studied carefully the Aztec picture-writings, and there were many names of kings which I would not then have recognized. But that the gold disc was the token concerning the meaning of which the dying Cacique had given so strange a hint, I felt assured.

Being still further gladdened by this fresh discovery, I carried my treasures at once to the Museo; and Don Rafael's enthusiasm over them was as hearty as I could desire. Being so deeply learned in such matters, he was able in the course of a single afternoon to arrive at much of the meaning of my codex; and his rendering of it showed that it possessed a very extraordinary historical value. In the Codex Boturini, as is well known, are several important lapses that neither that eminent scholar, nor any other archæologist whose conclusions can be considered trustworthy, has been able to supply. All that reasonably can be imagined concerning these breaks is that the historian of the Aztec migration deliberately omitted certain facts from his pictured history. The astonishing discovery that Don Rafael made in regard to my codex was that it unquestionably supplied the facts concealed in one of the longest of these unaccountable blanks. This was not a mere guess on his part, but a demonstrable certainty. On a fac-simile of the Codex Boturini he bade me observe attentively the pictures which preceded and which followed the break in question; and then he showed me that these same pictures were the beginning and the ending of my own codex—obviously put there so that this secret record might be inserted accurately into the public record of the wanderings of the Aztec tribe.

Further, the geographical facts set forth in the Codex Boturini

having been very solidly established, it was easy to determine approximately the part of Mexico to which the beginning and the end of my codex referred. But the migration here recorded was a very long one, and all that Don Rafael could say with certainty concerning it was that it told of far journeyings into the west and north. He was much puzzled, moreover, by a picture that occurred about the middle of the codex, and that seemed to be intended to represent a walled city among mountains. To my mind, this picture tallied well with what the dying Cacique had told me touching the hidden stronghold of his race. But Don Rafael attached very little importance to the Cacique's words; and on archæological grounds maintained that a walled city was an impossibility in primitive Mexico—for while walls had been built in plenty by the primitive Mexicans, and still were to be found in many places, no mention of a walled city was made by the early chroniclers, and of such a city there never had been found the slightest trace.

In regard to the engraved disc of gold, Don Rafael said at once and positively that it represented a name-device which never had been figured in any known Aztec writing; and he was of the opinion—being led thereto by consideration of certain delicate peculiarities of the figure which were too subtle for my uninstructed apprehension to grasp—that the name here symbolized was that of a ruler who was both priest and king. That the piece of gold was found associated with picture-writing unquestionably belonging to the theocratic period lent additional color to this assumption. The sum of our conclusions, therefore, was that we had here the name-device of a priest-king who had ruled the Aztec tribe during some portion of the first migration. And, assuming that he had lived during the period to which my codex referred, and accepting the system of dates tentatively adopted by Señor Ramirez, we even fixed the ninth century of our era as the period in which he had lived and ruled.

During two whole days Don Rafael and I worked together over these matters in the Museo; and it was not until our investigations were ended—so far, at least, as investigations could be said to be ended while yet no definite conclusions were reached—that my thoughts reverted to Fray Antonio, and to the requirement of courtesy that I should report to him the result of my course of study in the Indian tongues. It is but justice to myself to add that, knowing him to be gone to Santa María to attend to the Cacique's burial, I had temporarily dismissed this matter from my mind.

But when I was come to the Church of San Francisco—carrying with me the Codex Palgravius and the engraved disc of gold, in both of which I knew that he would take a keen interest—I had no immediate opportunity of exhibiting to him my treasures.

As I pushed open the sacristy door, when I had knocked upon it and he had called to me to enter, he came toward me at once in excitement so eager that his face was all lit up by it; and almost before I could greet him he exclaimed: "You are most happily come, my friend. At this very moment I was about to send for you. For I have found that which will stir your heart even as it has stirred mine. Yet perhaps," and he spoke more gravely, "it will not stir your heart in the same way that mine is stirred by it—for if I can but find the key that will unlock the whole of the mystery that here partly is revealed, I see before me such opportunity to garner the Lord's vintage as comes but seldom to His servants in these later ages of the world."

So strange was Fray Antonio's manner and so wayward seemed his speech that I was half inclined to think his religious enthusiasm fairly had landed him in religious madness; which thought must have found utterance in my look of doubtfulness, for he smiled kindly at me and in a quieter tone went on:

"My wits still are with me, Don Tomas; though I do not wonder at your thinking that I have lost them. Sit down here, and listen to the story of my discovery; and when it is ended you will perceive that I very well may be excited by it and still be sane."

Being assured by this calmer speech that Fray Antonio had not taken leave of his senses, I made a weak disclaimer that he smilingly accepted of my too clearly expressed doubts in that direction; and so seated myself to listen.

"You know, señor," he began, "that common report has declared that beneath this Church of San Francisco is a secret passage that extends under the city and has its exit in the outlying meadow-lands. I may confide in you frankly that this passage does exist, and that I, in common with all members of my Order who have dwelt here, know precisely where its entrance is and where its outlet. These matters need not be exposed, for they are not essential to my purpose. But you must know that in the midst of this passage I found on the day preceding your return from the mountains a little room of which the door was so well concealed that my finding it was the merest accident. And in the room, with other things which need not here be named, I found a chest in which are certain ancient papers of which I have been long in search. In the archives are frequent reference to these papers—they are of much importance to our Order—but as with all my search I never could discover them I had decided in my mind that in one or another of the troublous periods that our Church has passed through they had been destroyed. It is plain to me now that in one of these periods of danger they were hidden in this safe place.

"Some of these papers, dealing with mere matters of history, you will have pleasure in examining in due time. But that which I shall show you now, and which has so excited me that you not unnaturally thought that I had gone mad over it, has got among the rest, as I verily believe, by simple accident. Among the books and papers in the chest was a parchment case on which was written 'Mission of Santa Marta,' and the date '1531.' Within it were some loose sheets of paper on which were records of Indian baptisms, as is evident by the strange mixing of Christian and of heathen names. Plainly, this was the register of some mission station of our Order in that far-back time. But as I pried into the case more closely, I found, within a double fold of the parchment—yet not as though intentionally hidden, but rather as though there placed for temporary safety—a sealed letter directed to the blessed Fray Juan de Zumárraga, who was of our Order, and who, as you know, was the first bishop of our holy Church in this New Spain. As I drew forth the letter, the seal fell away from the ancient parchment and left it open in my hand. That this letter never until now has been read I am altogether confident, for the prodigy of which it tells would have made so great a stir that ample record of it would have been preserved. Nor is it difficult to account for the way in which it missed coming to the eye for which it was intended. In that early time many and many of our Order, going out to preach God's Word among the barbarians, came happily to that end which is the happiest end attainable in God's service: a blessed martyrdom." Fray Antonio's voice trembled with deep feeling as he spoke, and I remembered that Don Rafael had told me that this good brother, it was believed, himself longed for a death so glorious. "And being thus slain," Fray Antonio in a moment continued, "the mission stations which they had established were left desolate, with what they held—save such few things as might be cared for by the savage murderers—remaining there within them. In later times, as the conquering Spaniards overspread the land, many of these stations were found, with nothing to tell save nameless bones of those who had died there that God's will might be done.

"It is my conjecture, therefore, that this parchment case was found—how many years after the death of him who owned it, who can tell?—in one of the many stations that the savages thus ravaged; that the soldiers, or whoever may have found it, brought it hither, the nearest important abiding-place of our Order; and that, being carelessly examined, it was carelessly thrown aside when found to contain, apparently, only the little record of the work which our dead brother accomplished before God granted him his crown of earthly martyrdom and so made quick his way to heaven. Had the letter ever reached that 'first hand' for which the writer says he waits to send it by, it assuredly would have come to the knowledge of the gold-loving Spanish conquerors, and armies would have gone forth to answer it. But our dead brother, having written it and placed it in this fold of the parchment for safety until the chance to send it southward should come, was cut off from life suddenly; and so, of the prodigious marvel of which knowledge had so strangely come to him, only this mute and hidden record remained."

"But the letter itself?" I asked, with more energy than politeness. "What *is* the story that it contains? What is this mystery? Tell me of it first, and then explain as much as you please afterward."

Fray Antonio smiled at me kindly. "Ah, you too are becoming excited," he said. "But, truly, it is not fair that I should thus have kept you waiting. Indeed, I am so full of it all that I forget that as yet you know nothing. Come out with me into the court-yard where the light is stronger—for the writing is very faint and pale—and I will read you this letter in which so wonderful a story is set forth."

Together we passed out through a little door in the rear of the sacristy into what had been the inner and smaller cloistered court-yard of the old convent—a lovely place in which a fountain set in a quaint stone basin sparkled, and where warm sunshine fell upon the rippling water and upon beds of sweet-smelling flowers. And here it was, standing among the flowers in the sunshine, beside the quaint fountain, that Fray Antonio read to me the letter—that in this strange fashion had come to us from a hand dead for much more than three centuries, and that yet brought to us two a vital message that wholly was to shape our destinies.

IV.—MONTEZUMA'S MESSENGER.

The letter was without date, but, being addressed to the Bishop Zumárraga, the phrase that occurred in it—"this New Spain, wherein, Very Reverend Father, you have labored in God's service this year and more past"—showed that 1530 was the year in which it was written. As to place, there practically was no clew at all. The writer referred repeatedly to "this mission of Santa Marta, in the Chichimeca country"—but the mission had perished utterly but a little while after it was founded; and at that period the term Chichimeca country was used by the Spaniards in speaking of any part of Mexico where wild Indians were.

Being shorn of a portion of its pious verbiage, and somewhat modernized in style, the ancient Spanish of this letter contained in effect these English words:

"Very Reverend Father,—This present letter will be sent forward to you by the first hand by which it may be hence transmitted; and in your wisdom, with God's grace also guiding you, I doubt not that you will take measures for sending missionaries of our Order to the great company of the heathen whose whereabouts I am to disclose to you. And also, no doubt—keeping the matter secret from the pestilent Oidores of the Audencia—you will communicate this strange matter through safe channels to our lord the King: that with our missionaries an army may go forth, and that so the great treasure of which I give tidings may be wrested from the heathen to be used for God's glory and the enriching of our lord the King.

"Know, Very Reverend Father, that a month since, I being then abroad from this mission of Santa Marta, preaching God's word in a certain village of the Chichimecas that is five leagues to the northward, was so strengthened by God's grace that many of the heathen professed our holy faith and were baptized. And of these was one who among that tribe was held a captive. Which captive, as I found, was of the nation that dwelt in Tenochtistlan before our great captain, Don Fernando Cortés, reduced that city to submission. But little of earthly life remained to this poor captive when I, unworthily but happily, opened to him the way to life glorious and eternal. For in the fight that happened when he was captured—of which fight he alone of all his companions had survived—he was sorely wounded; and though in time his wounds had healed, he remained but a weakly man, and the service to which his captors forced him was hard. So it was that I had but little more than time to put him in the way leading to heaven before his spirit gladly forsook its weary body and went thence from earth.

"That he truly was a convert to our holy faith I am well assured: by the signs of a spirit meet for repentance which he showed in his own person; and still more by his strong longing, most earnestly expressed, that this same glorious faith of freedom should be preached to a certain great company of his people, whereof he most secretly told me, who still remain bound in the bondage of idolatry. And it is what he told me of these, Very Reverend Father, and of the marvellous hidden city wherein they dwell, and of the mighty treasure which there they guard, that I desire now to bring to your private knowledge, before it shall be known of by the Oidores, and through you to our lord the King. Here now is the whole of the mystery that he recited:

"In very ancient times, he said, his people came forth from seven caves which are in the western region of this continent, and wandered long in search of an abiding-place. And in the course of ages it came to pass that a certain wise King ruled over them to whom was given the gift of prophecy. Which King, by name Chaltzantzin, foretold that in the later ages there should come an army of fair and bearded men from the eastward, who would prevail over the people of his race: slaying many, and making of the remainder slaves. Being sorely troubled by thought of what he thus foresaw, he set himself to provide a source of strength whereon his descendants in that later time might draw in the hour of their peril—and so save themselves from cruel death and from yet crueler slavery. To which end, in a certain great valley that lies securely hidden among the mountains of this continent, he caused to be built a walled city; and this city he then peopled with the very bravest and strongest of his race. And he made for those dwelling there a perpetual law that commanded that all such as showed themselves when come to maturity to be weak or malformed in body, or coward of heart, then should be put to death; to the end that their natural increase ever should be of the same stout stuff as themselves, and also that there might be no lack of victims for the sacrifices which are acceptable to their barbarous gods. And thus he provided that in the time of need there should be here a strong army of valiant warriors, ready to come forth to fight against the fair-faced bearded men, and by conquering them to save safe the land.

"And yet more provision did King Chaltzantzin make for the strengthening and the saving of his race in the later ages. Within this walled city of Culhuacan he caused to be builded a great treasure-house, wherein he garnered such store of riches as never was gathered together in one place since the beginning of the world. And his order was that if even the power of the army which should go forth from that city sufficed not to conquer the foreign foemen, then should this vast treasure be used to buy his people's ransom, that they might not perish nor be enslaved.

"Having set all which great matters in order, King Chaltzantzin came forth from the Valley of Culhuacan, leaving behind him the noble colony that he had there founded; and so with his people wandered vagrant—even as their gods had commanded that they should go until by a sign from heaven they should be shown where was to be their lasting home. And that the fulfilling of his purpose might be made the more sure, he brought his people forth from that valley by most perilous passes and through strait ways so that they might not return thither; and that they who remained might not follow, he closed the way behind him with mighty bars.

"In the fulness of time this wise King died, and others reigned in his stead; and at last the ages of wandering of the Aztec tribe were ended by the sign coming from heaven whereby they knew that the Valley of Anahuac was to be their abiding home. There built they the city of Tenochtistlan: which city the valiant captain, Don Fernando Cortés, conquered this short time since—and by conquest of it verified precisely the prophecy that King Chaltzantzin uttered in very ancient times.

"But the captive Indian told me, further, that before the coming of the Spaniards there was seen the sign of warning that King Chaltzantzin had promised should tell when the danger that he had so well prepared for should be near; which sign was the going out of the sacred fire that the priests guarded on the Hill of the Star. Meantime, all knowledge of their brethren hidden in the Valley of Culhuacan for their help in time of peril was lost to the Aztec tribe in dim tradition; for the King had commanded, in order that his people might not fall into weakness through trusting in the strength of others for protection, that no open record of the colony that he had founded should be preserved. Therefore was this matter a secret known only to a few priests whose blood was of the royal line; in whose keeping, also, was the token that King Chaltzantzin had commanded should be sent to the walled city of Culhuacan when its warriors were to be called forth, and a map whereby the way thither was made plain. And so it was that, when the sacred fire ceased burning, the priests were alert for the threatened danger; and when the landing of the Spaniards—"fair-faced and bearded men, coming from the eastward"—was known to them, they warned their King, Montezuma, that the prophecy was fulfilled, and that the time for sending for the army and the treasure had come.

"For the bearer of this message was chosen a priest of the blood royal; with whom went also a younger priest, his son. And with these went a guard, whereof the captive Indian was one, that they might be carried in safety through the region where the wild Indians were. But the valor of the guard was useless, for the wild Indians set upon them in such prodigious numbers—in a place not far from where is this present mission of Santa Marta—that all of that company, save only this single Indian who was wounded and made captive, was overpowered and slain. Yet among the slain, the Indian said, was not found the body of the priest's son; nor was there found on the priest's body the token that he had been the bearer of, nor the map that showed the way. For a time the Indian had hoped that the younger priest had escaped out of the fight alive, and had carried to them who dwelt in the walled city of Culhuacan the message of summons; but as the years went onward and nothing came of it, this hope had died within his heart.

"This, Very Reverend Father, is the strange story told me by this Indian; who spoke with the urgent sincerity of one devout in the Christian faith who knew by sensible perception that his death was near at hand. Eagerly he begged that to these Gentiles, his brethren by blood, might be sent in their secret fastnesses the blessed Word whereby they would be delivered from the chains of their idolatry into the freedom of Christian grace. And, surely, the treasure that they ward very well may be wrested from these heathen that it may be used in part in this land in God's service, and that in part it may go to the just enriching of our lord the King.

"Nor is the matter one that is difficult of accomplishment. For a token which shall give us the right of entry into this walled city of Culhuacan we need only the Word of God and a sufficient force of men well armed with swords and matchlocks. Nor is it any bar to our quest that the map showing the way thither has been lost. The Indian told me that this way is so plainly marked that one who had found it could not lose it again. For at spaces of not more than a league or two apart, upon flat places of the rock convenient for such purpose, was cut the same figure that the token of summons had engraved upon it; and, with this, an arrow pointing toward where the next carving would be found: and so these signs went onward, the heathen priest had told him, even to the very entrance of the Valley of Culhuacan. And that this matter might be made sure to me, he led me to a spot but a league to the westward of this mission of Santa Marta and there showed me one of these signs, with the pointing arrow carved also on the rock beside it—of all of which the drawing here made is an indifferent good copy. And by that guiding arrow we went onward to another like carving at a little less than two leagues away to the northward. Therefore, Very Reverend Father, I, of my own knowledge, am a witness to a part, at least, of the truth of what that Indian told. And with all my heart do I add mine own entreaty to his simple pleadings for the salvation of the souls of his brethren; and also do I venture to entreat that among those who go to carry the Word of God to this hidden heathen host I may be one; so that I, though all unworthy of such honor, shall have a part in rendering to God so glorious a service.

"The more urgently do I ask this favor because here, in this mission of Santa Marta, it is but too clear to me that I am laboring in a barren field. Some hundreds of the heathen I have indeed baptized; but among all these who have professed our Christian faith scarce a score show outward and visible signs of a true regeneration. Many, I am sadly sure, still practise in secret their old idolatry—and find little more than mere amusement in the rites of our most holy Church. When they tire of this novelty, which, in the case of folks of such light natures no doubt will be in a little while, they will return openly to their idolatry; and it probably may happen that they then will sacrifice me to their heathen gods. That, in one way or another, they do intend to kill me, and that soon, I feel quite sure. I am but twenty-three years old, Very Reverend Father; and that is an early time in life to end it. No doubt, also, in killing me they will use torture. And I long fervently to live, not only for the pleasure of it, but also that I may do good service to God, and to our Father Saint Francis, by saving many heathen souls. Therefore I beg that when the army marches to the reduction of this hidden city that I may be one of our brethren who will go with it, to hold by tender preaching of God's goodness and mercy such heathen as may remain alive after our soldiers shall have conquered that city with the sword.

"I commend you, Very Reverend Father, to the care of Our Lord in all things, and pray that He may guard your most illustrious and very reverend person, and protect you in all matters of your temporal and spiritual estate. And I am the least worthy of your servants,

"Francisco de los Angeles."

"Of a truth," said Fray Antonio, as he ceased reading, "this brother of mine adhered closely to the truth when he subscribed himself the least worthy of the Bishop's servants. Were it not here in his own hand, I should refuse to believe

that one of our Order at that time in New Spain had any thought of saving his own life when God's work was to be done."

For myself, I must own that my heart was deeply touched by the very humanity of this poor Brother Francisco's cry for help that came up out of the dead depths of the past, and that was the more keen and pitiful because the cruel death at the hands of the barbarous Indians that he so dreaded assuredly had overtaken him. His could not have been a strong nature, and it was the weaker because of his youth; but, after all, it was the nature that God had given him—and there must have been a strain of strength in it, else he never would have braved the dangers which overcame him in the end. And he was "only twenty-three years old"!

But when I sought to lead Fray Antonio's mind to such consideration of the matter he replied sternly: "This weak brother failed in his duty. To him God gave an opportunity to die gloriously for the Faith; but, instead of accepting that noble reward joyfully, his strongest wish was that he might find a way by which he might escape alive. Had all professors of the Christian creed so conducted themselves, that creed long since would have perished from off the earth. *Semen est sanguis Christianorum* is well said of Tertullian the Carthaginian, and, later, of the blessed Saint Jerome."

As Fray Antonio thus spoke, he so drew up his slight figure, and in his sweet voice was a ring of such commanding sternness, that he was for the moment transformed. Here was a man wholly different from the gentle scholar whom I had already learned to love. In the glimpse that I thus had of his underlying character I saw vivified again the spirit of the early Christian Church; and I understood, as I never had understood before, of what stuff they were made who heard pronounced upon them the sentence: "To the lions!"—and joyfully accepted their cruel fate, defiant of what man might do to them because of the perfection of their faith in the merciful forgiveness and upholding steadfastness of their Christian God.

But in a moment a look of sadness and regret came into Fray Antonio's face, and he added, sorrowfully: "God forgive me for thus judging my brother who long since was judged! Who can say that when the hour of trial came he did not meet his death as bravely as any martyr of them all? And who can say," he went on, but speaking softly, as one communing with his own soul, "how I, myself— But God gives strength." And then he ceased to speak aloud, but his lips moved silently as though in prayer. As I close my eyes I see him again as clearly as I saw him then: standing beside the old stone fountain, amidst the flowers, in the gladness of the bright sunshine; in his eyes a strange, far-away look, as though the future for a moment had been opened to him; and on his strong, fine face a sternly resolute expression—which yet was softened by the traits which were so strong within him of holiness and gentleness and love. I cannot know what Fray Antonio prayed for, there in the old convent garden; but I can guess: and I am well persuaded that his prayer was heard. Truly, I think that it was something more than chance that led us thus at first to talk not of the wonder that was in Brother Francisco's letter, but of Brother Francisco himself and of his end.

And then the subject-matter in chief of the letter claimed our attention. In itself, this was sufficiently marvellous; but what increased the marvel of it was the conviction, strong within us both, that if the hidden city of Culhuacan ever had existed at all, it existed still. Our belief was so entirely logical that—assuming the truth of the story told by the Indian captive—it admitted nowhere of a doubt. That the city had been hidden for a long period, through at least several hundreds of years, from the Aztecs themselves—and that no knowledge of it had been conveyed to them by wild Indians who had come by chance upon the valley wherein it was—was evidence enough of the security of its concealment. There was nothing surprising, consequently, in the fact that the Spaniards had not discovered it when they first overran Mexico; nor that it had remained unknown to the Mexicans of modern times. As is well known, there are to this day prodigious areas in Mexico which remain utterly unexplored. In the region west of Tampico; in the northwestern states of Sinaloa, Durango, and Sonora; or in the far southern states of Oaxaca and Chiapas, a valley as great as that in which the city of Mexico now stands might lie utterly hidden and unknown. And if, as the Indian's narrative implied, the Valley of Culhuacan had been selected deliberately because it was so hidden and so inaccessible, and if the described precautions had been taken to isolate its inhabitants, it very well might have continued to be lost in its deep concealment through an almost infinite range of years. That it never had been found since the Spaniards came into Mexico we were absolutely certain—for the outcry over so great a wonder would have echoed throughout the whole of the civilized world. Finally, in the name of the city, Culhuacan, we had a substantial fact which connected the extraordinary story that had come to us so strangely with matters within our own knowledge. For this name not only is given in the Aztec traditions as that of the sacred spot in which their god Huitzilopochtli spoke to them, but survives until this present day in the name of the village that lies at the foot of the sacred mountain in the Valley of Mexico—called by the Aztecs the Hill of Huitzachtla, and by the Spaniards the Hill of the Star—on which at the end of each cycle of fifty-two years the sacred fire was renewed. Surely it was no accident that had caused the name Culhuacan to be given to this village on this sacred spot; rather must it have been so named by the elect few to whom the secret was known as a perpetual reminder to them of the reserve of men and treasure upon which they could draw should danger threaten their country and their gods.

"No doubt," said Fray Antonio, "what is here told of a secret record, known only to the priests, supplies one of the lapses in the pictured history of the Aztec migration. But, as we know not which break in the history is thus filled in, we have no clew whatever as to the whereabouts of this hidden place. Nor have we any clew as to the whereabouts of the mission of Santa Marta—whence we might go onward, guided by the carvings upon the rocks, until we found at last the place we sought. The mission of Santa Marta where my brother Francisco long ago ministered might have been anywhere in all Mexico; and being so small a mission, and enduring for so short a period, it is not likely that any record of it anywhere has been preserved. Had we but the map and the token of which my brother writes, our way would be clear; without these guides it well may be a toilsome way and long. Yet do I know," Fray Antonio continued earnestly, "that I shall find this hidden city. In my soul is a strong and glad conviction that God has called me to the most glorious work of carrying to the heathen dwelling there the message of His saving love. He has worked one miracle already to call me to this duty; in his own good time and way I doubt not that He will work another miracle by which I may be set in the way of its accomplishment."

As Fray Antonio spoke of the map of the Aztec migration a hope came into my heart that, as I considered it, seemed surely to be a certainty. In the excitement of listening to this strange letter—concerning which not the least strange matter was that between the writing and the reading of it had passed three hundred and fifty years—I had forgotten my own discoveries, and that my purpose was to show him the pictured paper and the curious piece of gold. But as he spoke of the migration this matter was called to my mind suddenly; and then in an instant the conviction thrilled through me that the clew which would lead us to the hidden city was in my possession."

"God already has worked that other miracle," I cried, joyfully. "Here is the token, and here is the map that shows the way!" And, so speaking, I opened the snake-skin bag that I had taken from the breast of the dead Cacique and drew forth its precious contents.

For myself, I needed no additional proof that here was all that was needful to guide us to the hidden city. Yet was I glad that in so grave a matter we should have added to absolute conviction the weight of absolute proof. And this we had most clearly: for Fray Antonio, cooler than I, compared the drawing in the letter with the engraving upon the piece of gold—and found the two to be essentially identical, save that the engraving lacked the sign of the arrow pointing the way.

"And now," I cried, enthusiastically, "for such discoveries in archæology as the world has never known!"

"And now," said Fray Antonio, speaking slowly and reverently, "for such glorious work in God's service as has been granted but rarely to man to do!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FATE'S ANSWER

AFTER THE CHRISTMAS REVELS.

THE dance is done; it is nearly dawn;
Alone I stand in the darkened hall.
The snow has covered the rolling lawn,
And over it rosy shadows fall.

A golden streak lights the eastern sky,
While the distant hill-tops faintly show;
And the world seems cold; but, ah! not I;
My heart is warmed with a loving glow.

The hoar-frost has tipped the window-pane
With a tracing delicate and fine.
I turn away; then I look again,
For here are letters in faint outline.

Ay, letters. Written by fate or chance?
I love two maidens, and sweet are they.
Can I read my choice? A second glance.
Jack Frost has written both—Nan and May.

FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

THE AUDITORIUM BUILDING AT CHICAGO.

THE Auditorium, which was formally opened at Chicago on Monday, December 9th, is probably the most complete and perfect building of its kind on the Western Continent. In 1885, inspired by the success of a mammoth musical festival, the erection of an opera-house and theatre worthy of its name was suggested, and the scheme, conceived and fathered by Mr. Ferdinand W. Peck and several other public-spirited citizens, was carried forward at once with characteristic Western enterprise, and the Auditorium as it now stands is the result. The building covers an area of 62,000 square feet, fronting upon Wabash Avenue 162 feet, upon Congress Street 362 feet, and upon Michigan Avenue 187½ feet. A hotel of 400 rooms and 126 business offices, together with the immense theatre and a smaller recital hall, are included in the massive structure, which cost $2,900,000 to complete and furnish. The exterior is of Maine granite and buff Bedford stone. On the Wabash Avenue side are located the offices, which are finished in antique oak. The Auditorium recital hall, which is on the seventh floor, is a charming little theatre capable of seating 500 persons. In the seventeenth story, at the top of the tower, 270 feet from the ground, is situated the observatory of the United States Signal Service. The hotel comprises the ten stories fronting on Michigan Avenue and Congress Street. A ten-foot dado of Mexican onyx extends about the walls of the offices. The dining-room, which is 180 feet long, is one of the most imposing in the world, and the decorations and furnishings are of the richest. The lobby of the Auditorium, as the theatre proper is called, is dazzling in the grandeur of its appointments. The floors are of mosaic, the tall pillars are of porphyry, and the arched ceiling is thickly set with electric lights. Tinted marbles, polished mahogany wood-work, and bronze fittings combine with fine artistic effect. The interior of the theatre is resplendent with decorations of the most substantial order, and every convenience which is known to modern comfort is provided for. The forty boxes have a seating capacity of 200 people, and the parquet will contain about 1500, and chairs for nearly 2500 more are provided in the balcony, family circle, and gallery. As emphasized by President Peck, the builders have pursued "the broad democratic policy of providing for all." A feature of the Auditorium—one original with the architect—is the hinged ceilings, which, turning on a half-circle, shut out the gallery and family circle from below without destroying the symmetry of the great dome.

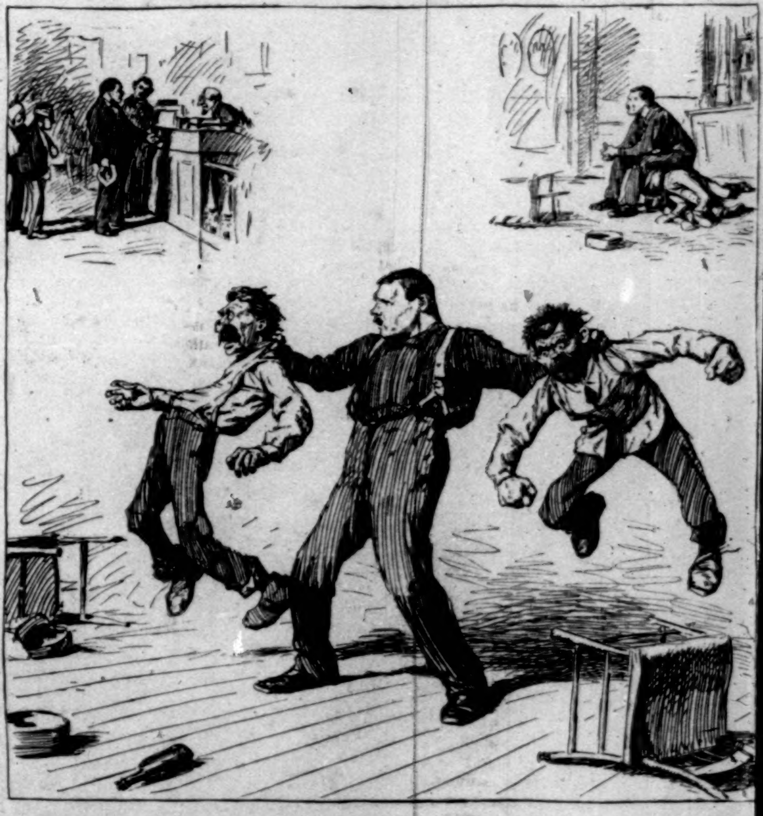
The most wonderful mechanical feature of the Auditorium is the stage, designed by Mr. Adler, one of the architects of the building. It is 70 feet deep and 98 feet wide, after the pattern of the famous theatre at Buda-Pesth, but even more complete as regards properties and resources. The proscenium opening is 75 feet, and the curtain is 47 feet wide. Every imaginable device for securing the illusions of the theatre of to-day are to be found. The great organ, built expressly for the Auditorium, is another of the many marvels of the place. The highest praise that can be given to the building is that it is what it appears to be in every way. No shams are tolerated, and built with care and rare judgment, it is a fitting monument to the genius of the nineteenth century, and one that will stand for ages. To the management and to the architects, Messrs. Adler & Sullivan, much credit is due for the judicious expenditure of the funds placed at their disposal. Some idea of the size of the building may be gained from the fact that the building proper weighs 86,000 tons, and the tower 15,000 tons more. The amount of material consumed is enormous, as may be learned from a few statistics which are interesting: One million feet of pine flooring was laid, and over 17,000,000 bricks used in the construction. In the tower are nearly four miles of steel rails; and 6000 tons of iron and steel, costing more than $500,000, were needed in the building. There are 1500 windows in the entire place, and 2000 doors. The electric lights number 10,000, nearly half of them being in the Auditorium, which are connected with 230 miles of electric wire and cables. It is said that only one other building in the world contains as much mosaic floor, which is reckoned at 50,000 square feet of Italian marble, made up of over 5,000,000 separate pieces. Mosaic-work, marbles, onyx, bronze-work, plaster casts, and ceiling and mural decorations, as enumerated in the report to the stockholders, form a part of the arts represented.

The opening night was one of great splendor. The President and Vice-President, together with the Gover[illegible]ois and other State and city officials, [illegible]t at the dedicatory exercises. M. Theo[illegible] Dubois, of the Paris Conservatory, and organist at the Madeleine, composed for the occasion a triumphal fantasie for organ and orchestra, which was rendered with great success. Other notable composers lent their aid, and a cantata, the words of which were written by a Chicago lady, Miss Harriet Monroe, proved to be a work of much merit. Madame Patti-Nicolini graced the exercises, and the ceremonies were brilliant and worthy of the occasion. The opera season opened on the next night with Patti in Gounod's late triumph of *Romeo and Juliet*. The manager of the opera is Mr. Milward Adams.

EASY TO SETTLE.

POLITICAL BOSS. "But, my dear man, I can't get you that office; you can't meet with the requirements; you can neither read nor write."

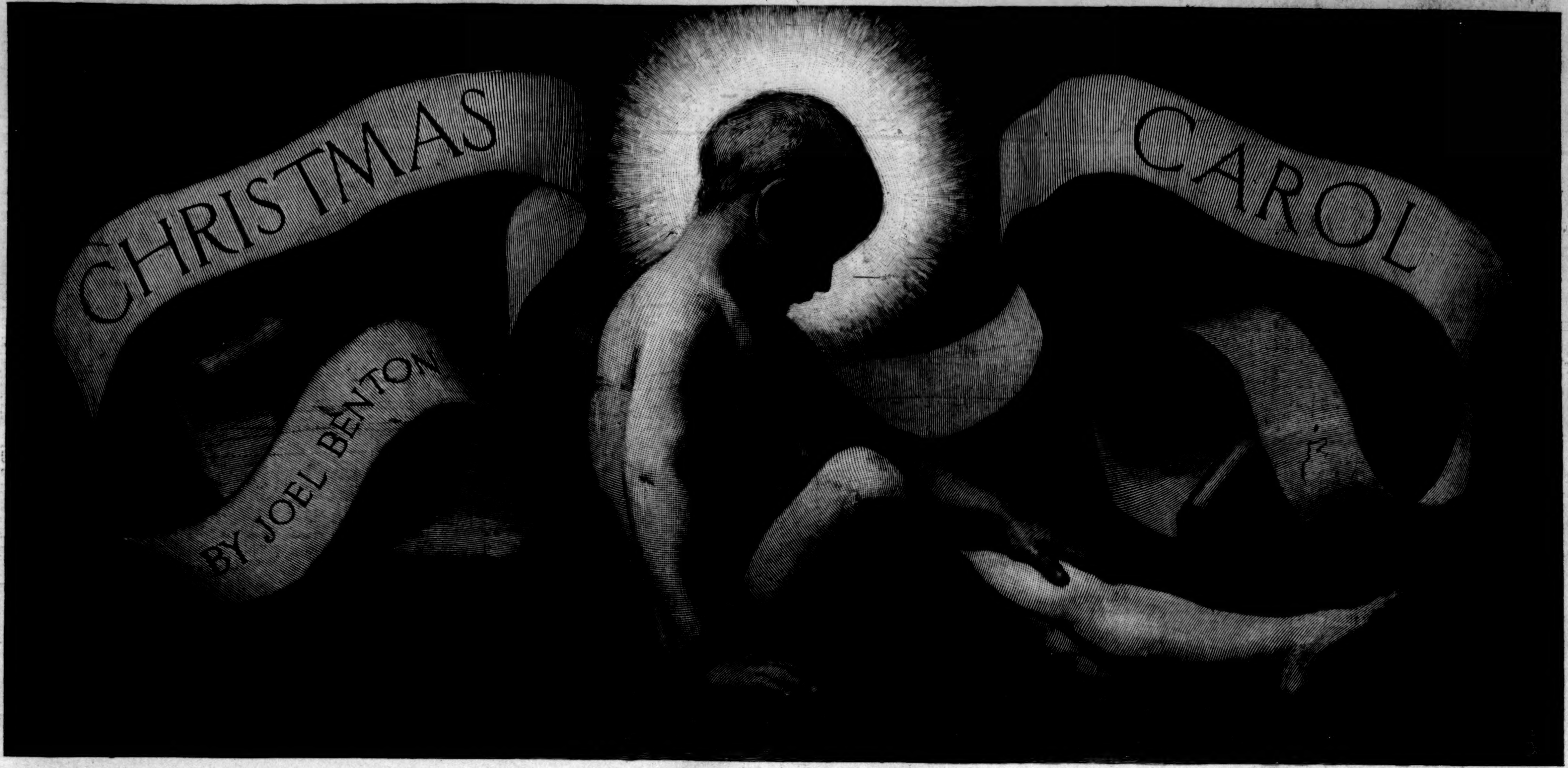
POLITICAL FOLLOWER. "If that's all, oi kin settle it aisily. It's me boy Tim, here, what's been three wakes in the public schkool—he kin do de radin' an' writin'; an' it's meself kin attind to de requirements."



THE PEACEMAKER.

MAGISTRATE (*to prisoner—a tough*). "And where were you, sir, during the fight? I understand you were mixed up in it."

PRISONER. "I was de peacemaker, yer honor. I slammed de two men agin one anudder until dey got enuff fight; an' when de perlice came up I was sittin' on de bodies waitin' for 'em."



Hail, Christmas!

Jubilant bells are ringing;
Long since the swallows southward fled.
'Tis Christmas. Voices sweet are singing,
Though summer-scented flowers are dead.

Light up the Yule-log's ancient splendor,

The roasted boar's head's timely flavor,
And game of daintiest fin or wing,
Now serve us with their tempting savor,
And goodliest cheer and comfort bring.

Hark how the waits' sweet flute-like voices
Break on the keen encrystalled air!
This day the humblest soul rejoices,
And makes the toiling centuries fair.

Now pales and fades the were-wolf's passion,

Now Pantaloon comes to amuse us,
With Harlequin and Columbine:
Who shall complain, or aught refuse us,
While joy invites in Momus' line?

The youth forgets, as high he prances,
The tide of toilsome days and slow,
And whilst with some sweet maid he dances,
Will kiss her 'neath the mistletoe.

She blushes not, and, blind to danger,
Drifts to the fatal vine-marked floor

No more do Isis and Osiris
Lift up dark altars on the Nile;
On heathen shrines weak every fire is;
On Memnon's shaft no sun-gods smile.

Even Buddha pales; and fast and faster
Mohammed's millions close are bound;
Doomed is the cult of Zoroaster,
Nor stands a god on Odin's ground.

Up from one lone Judean manger

Light up the Yule-log's ancient splendor,
And pass the wassail-bowl around,
And by the fire, before the fender
Enjoy each Christmas sight and sound!

Bright day which every heart upraises,
Hope's dawn for each succeeding year,
Here where the crackling hickory blazes
Its hallowed influence lingers near.

Bring green wreaths—ivy, laurel, holly—
And deck the table, porch, and hall!
This is no time for melancholy—
The world's one holiday for all.

Now pales and fades the were-wolf's passion,
Which once on Odin's kingdom fell;
But Santa Claus is still in fashion,
And breathes his sweet undying spell.

His reindeer sleigh jostles each rafter
Bedecked with thick-bushed hemlock boughs;
With toys and comfits, joy and laughter,
He floods the hearth-place of each house.

In palace, or in cottage simple,
How brightly shines the Christmas tree!
And sunny smiles on cheeks adimple
Glow with high-lived contagious glee.

Drifts to the fatal vine-marked floor,
Till even this youth, so late a stranger,
Each moment [illegible] one kiss more.

* * * * *

Hail, Christmas! Jubilant bells are ringing;
The stars their solemn vigil keep;
Sweet voices hour by hour are singing
Long after midnight beckons sleep.

They tell us Pan is dead and banished;
Mute is the old Assyrian shrine;
The Delphian oracle has vanished,
Slain by Judea's son divine.

Up from one lone Judean manger
What light the far-back centuries brought,
Making men brothers—and, still stranger,
Crushing all schemes of human thought!

'Tis not where Grecian sages wrestled,
'Tis not where wit and science shine,
The world's best truth has grown and nestled—
Not these the soul holds most divine.

Before the world one simple story
Means more than sage or hero tells.
Christmas repeats its centuried glory;
You hear it in these Christmas bells!

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS.

The two light-ships at the entrance to New York Harbor are as familiar to ocean travellers as the brilliant Highland Lights themselves, and their appearance is always a cause for joy among homeward-bound passengers who have crossed the sea. They are known in the light-house service and among mariners as the Scotland and the Sandy Hook light-ships—the former marking the spot where some years ago the steam-ship *Scotland* was wrecked. The remains of the wrecked ship disappeared long ago, but the light-ship anchored over the spot had proved so serviceable that it was allowed to remain, and it has recently been thoroughly overhauled and repaired. The Scotland Light-ship is three miles from the New Jersey shore, and is the point by which coasters and small steamers steer on entering the Lower Bay. The Sandy Hook Light-ship is six miles out, and marks the approach to the main ship channel for large steamers. This vessel, which was built only five years ago, is not considered adequate for such an important station, and in a few months she will be replaced by a larger one, to cost $60,000, which will be provided with a steam siren for fog signalling.

A lonely life the officers and crews of these light-ships lead, cut off sometimes for weeks from all communication with their friends and the great world on shore. So burdensome is the solitude that the men are enlisted for only six months at a time, for experience has taught that if they are separated from their fellows for a longer period they seize upon the first opportunity to desert. Advantage is taken of every possible chance to relieve the monotony of the changeless life. On the occasion of a yacht race in the Lower Bay the light-ships are gayly bedecked with flags, and as the vessels pass they are saluted with the ringing of the great bell. A visit from a light-house tender demands as much ceremony as a member of the royal family boarding a British war ship. Christmas is a great day on the light-ships, and the men who are debarred from being with their families make it as different from other days as possible—all the ship's signals are flying, and the cook would find little favor if he neglected to prepare a proper feast. It is a custom among all vessels in the harbor to salute one another in passing on Christmas Day, and this custom is nowhere so rigorously observed as in passing the light-ships. From the great transatlantic steam-ships to the smallest coasters, everything that goes by has a word of good cheer, whether spoken by the powerful steam-whistle or the humble horn of the oyster boat; and in acknowledgment of the salute the light-ship's bell is always rung. The artist has admirably depicted a powerful ocean tug saluting the light-ship on her way seaward on Christmas morning. These great tugs, in their search for incoming vessels needing their assistance, pass the light-ships so frequently that their crews are more or less familiar with the light-ship men; and on Christmas morning, when they too have all their colors flying and their spars decorated with evergreens, the compliments of the season are exchanged through speaking-trumpets, and more substantial reminders of the day are often exchanged also when the sea is smooth enough to permit it.

It is not surprising that so little is known of the life on these light-ships, even by those who pass them frequently, and who are familiar with the red hulls and the white-lettered sides. The men on board them are almost as completely sundered from the near by shore as if they were anchored in the middle of the ocean. Eight men are required to man the Sandy Hook Light-ship—the captain, mate, cook, and five seamen; and the seamen who spend a Christmas on board are seldom there in midsummer, for their terms have expired, and others have taken their places. For this monotonous service the captain receives $800 a year; the mate, $480; the cook, $35 a month; and each of the seamen, $25; but as their food is provided by the department, and as they go seldom ashore, they have little necessity or opportunity to spend their money. With so many men on board the little ship, everything is kept as clean and bright as a New England kitchen. The principal work, of course, is keeping the lights in order, but there is always scrubbing, scouring, polishing, and painting to be done. Like a well-kept passenger ship at sea, a light-ship is never white and bright enough to satisfy the captain. The day's work begins at five o'clock in the summer and six in the winter, when coffee is served, and the decks are washed down, and the crew muster at the lamps, which are lowered to the deck, cleaned, polished, and filled. The cleaning of the ship continues through the day, with an hour for dinner at noon, and at sunset the lamps are lighted and raised to the mast-head. Supper is not eaten till this important duty is performed, and after the last meal of the day, the men not on watch smoke their pipes and read and tell stories till bedtime. At least one man is always on watch day and night.

Notwithstanding the great care taken, light-ships sometimes break from their moorings, and in foggy weather they are always in some danger of being run down. The Sandy Hook Light-ship is held in position by two "mushroom" anchors, weighing about 3000 pounds each. They are shaped like mushrooms, and constantly sinking in the mud or sand of the bottom, take a stronger hold every day, till in a short time their removal is almost impossible. About 450 feet of two-inch chain is let out to each anchor, but this is increased or diminished according to the weather. The tugging of the chains on the windlass is relieved by a series of rubber "surge relievers." A light-ship has four masts, so arranged that they seem to be only the two masts of a schooner. Two of these are the lantern masts, and behind them are two smaller masts, fitted with sails that are always kept closely furled, to be used only in case the ship should break away, but ever ready for an emergency.

The Staten Island depot is the general supply station for all the light-houses of the United States. The light-house tender *Fern* carries supplies to every light-house in the department except those on the Pacific coast, and the round trip occupies one year. Despite all efforts to make the officers and crews of light-ships comfortable, their life is hard and monotonous, and landsmen who know of their hardships only by hearsay may well join in wishing them all a Merry Christmas.

POOR COUSIN PARKER!

It had long been the custom of the Tasker family to hold an annual meeting in August at East Village. Such Taskers as were present asked about the Taskers absent. The Taskers absent wrote letters to Abram Tasker at East Village, who read them aloud at the family gathering. They related to each other the stirring family events which had happened during the year since the previous family meeting. Sometimes the Taskers present were called upon to commiserate a death, or to discuss an engagement, or to congratulate a young bride. Sometimes they read of new Taskers who had come into the world. Sometimes the squalling new-coming Tasker presented himself *in propria persona*. *Always* they met to pity and to blame poor Cousin Parker!

There were Boston Taskers, and Chicago Taskers, and New York Taskers. Then there were Taskers from every State in New England. Universally, however, the Taskers present felt called upon every year to contribute for the benefit of poor Cousin Parker. He lived away off up in New Hampshire somewhere—it was quite indefinite where he lived, and hitherto he seemed to live *on* his relatives.

He had had, it was said by kind-hearted old Abram Tasker, at a family gathering, the "hardest kind of hard luck." (It made the Chicago Tasker very angry to hear about his "hard luck.") "In the first place," said Abram, "he never had ought to hev married Mis' Frink, the school-ma'am. Mis' Frink was a widder lady with nine children; an' those children! they ate Cousin Parker outen house an' home; yes, they did. Then he wa'n't fitted for business, an' he oughtn't t' have started to manufacture oleomargarine in a butter community. Cousin Parker nigh lost his life—he was shot at because of that there oleomargarine in a butter community. Then he hedn't ought t' hev tried borin' for ile up in that granite region where he lived; there wa'n't no ile there, an' Parker he ought t' hev known better. Then he tried farmin' an' failed, because he tried it accordin' to a city farmers' journal. He planted at the wrong season. He done everything wrong. He seemed to hev mighty hard luck."

Every year there would come to the meeting either Cousin Parker himself, or a long wail of a letter from Cousin Parker describing his afflictions and asking for help. Every year a purse was raised, and the relatives were taxed for "Mis'" Frink-Parker's benefit and her nine children. Every year the assembled Taskers grumbled, and the Chicago Tasker stopped coming East because of it. "It do seem," said Abram, "as if the hull family was merely livin' from year to year to kinder support Cousin Parker."

Miss Perkins, whose mother was a Tasker, of Newburyport (with an accent, please, on the "port"), was used to speaking out in meeting, and she usually freed her mind every year—she was a regular attendant at these family meetings. She freed her mind, but at the same time she gave liberally. And it was noticed that the louder were her protests, and the more severe her condemnation of Cousin Parker's unfortunate business habits, the larger sum she gave toward his support.

"Cousin Parker," she snapped out at the meeting last August, "don't deserve any luck. Turned inventor *now*, has he? Well, land! what can he invent?"

"Hush, Miss Perkins!" said Abram; "Cousin Parker is present with us."

Miss Perkins put on her eye-glasses and looked around the circle of Taskers, who had assembled in the great barren parlor of Abram Tasker's large farm-house. There were several Boston Taskers (N.B., the *rich* Taskers); there were the New York Taskers (very well off); there were all the Vermont Taskers (hard, earnest folk); and there, last of all, in a corner, holding his hat between his knees, almost out of sight, looking so forlorn and sheepish that Miss Perkins could only pity him, sat *Cousin Parker himself!*

He was a small, thin man, with a most distrustful, beseeching expression. His head was bent forward, his coat was buttonless and shabby. His eyes were modestly bent on the floor. When all the combined eyes of all the rich and great Taskers were turned toward him, he fairly shrivelled up within himself, and looked furtively toward the door, as if with a view to a speedy and ignominious retreat.

"So that is Cousin Parker," exclaimed Miss Perkins, involuntarily. "Land!"

"We would all like to hear from Cousin Parker himself," said Hon. Enos K. Tasker, of Boston (the rich and great Tasker), in a pompous voice. "We would like to hear from him as to his family and his affairs. Cousin Parker—er—won't you tell us how you are doing this year?"

It appeared that Cousin Parker swallowed a great swallow, and his Adam's apple rose and fell without an audible response.

"Come forward!" beamed Abram Tasker, kindly; and, as if to suit action to his words, Abram, who was a huge, kindly old soul, with an enormous strength of arm, advanced, and, without intending it, lifted Cousin Parker bodily out into the centre of the Tasker semicircle, and set him down. There was a subdued murmur among all the Taskers, as to the probability, from his shabby and generally unkempt appearance, that the fund to be raised this year would have to be unusually large.

"I—I feel very thankful—for the past," was what Cousin Parker whispered feebly, so that Abram, who stood by him protectingly, leaned his great ear down, and alone heard him.

"He feels thankful for the past!" roared Abram, with a kindly, encouraging smile for poor Cousin Parker.

"Oh, he feels thankful for the past, does he?" exclaimed Miss Perkins. "Well, land! I should think he ought. Why, he's had money every year—altogether, two or three thousand dollars at least."

"He's expectin' a change for the futur'!" called out Abram. "A big change. He's awful hopeful."

A smile of pity went around among all the Taskers present. Mrs. New York Tasker, as it was a warm day, held her vinaigrette to her nose, and complained a little of feeling faint. The dismal photographs hung about the wall in black frames, she said, gave her quite a turn. They were photographs of deceased Taskers, standing up, man and wife together, very stiff and straight, holding on to chairs for dear life, or leaning an elbow upon romantic Italian scenery, or a Venetian balustrade. The hair-cloth sofas and chairs, too, were rather awe-inspiring. Much as Mrs. New York Tasker admired the family into which she had married, she admitted that they were, some of them, very old country-people. And this poor Cousin Parker! What an oddity *he* was, to be sure!

"He has tried next to everything to get on," went on Abram, the mouth-piece, after a prolonged listening to Cousin Parker's whisper. "He went West an' tried to grow up with the country. But he didn't stay long enough to grow. He started a newspaper, but he took the wrong side in politics, an' got fired. Then he j'ined a circus and figgered as the hind legs of an ellerphunt; but the folks got on to his disguise, he says, an' they kinder fired rocks at him, an' so he cum back home to Mis' Parker an' the nine children kinder hopeless. But his hope picked up when we as a fam'ly cum forward an' let him hev two hunderd dollars last year. Thet started him up agin inventin', an' he useter sit up nights, he says, hopin' an' inventin'."

Miss Perkins gave a sniff. Other Taskers present probably *would* have sniffed had not the prim New England spinster kindly done it for them.

Then, again, there was a whisper.

"He says he has at last finally turned inventor, an' is goin' to make it his business," roared Abram, still leaning down to Cousin Parker. Immediately there was a buzz of loud protestation from every right-minded Tasker present.

"He says he again wishes to say that in the past he has had very hard luck," roared Abram again.

"Ask him if he thinks if he should turn to and do a little work now and then by accident his luck wouldn't change," said Miss Perkins, sharply.

Cousin Parker gave her such a sad, beseeching look that she wished she had kept quiet. Miss Perkins did not wish it to be understood that she was heartless; but it made her very impatient to take hold of Cousin Parker and shake him. Oh that she could have him under her charge for a time at Newbury*port!* She would get this inventor nonsense out of him! Yes, indeed!

Abram's ear was so long near Cousin Parker's mouth that the Taskers knew something interesting was coming. At last he roared: "He says he's got a smart partner. The smart partner has sold one of his inventions for him. His name is Ephraim Shouter. He comes from a family of lawyers—"

"Depend upon it, then, the smart partner has got all the money, and Cousin Parker has got the experience," said the New York Tasker, with a wise shake of the head.

"He says the invention was sold to the Stannard Ile Company, fer—*fer what*, Cousin Parker?"

A further inaudible whisper, after which Cousin Parker looked more sheepish and more crest-fallen than ever. Every Tasker in the room leaned forward with interest.

"Fer—I can't believe it—fer two hunderd thousand dollars!" roared Abram.

A great sensation.

"Two hunderd thousand dollars; and the smart partner took a hunderd an'—an'—an' seventy-five thousand for his fee, an'—gave him twenty-five. He says he wants to pay up his debts to the Tasker family."

For the space of two minutes there was perfect silence. Not a Tasker spoke or moved. Finally Miss Perkins said:

"*I* always believed that there was a great deal *to* Cousin Parker!"

Cousin Parker slunk back to his seat, very much overcome with self-consciousness, while the ladies fell to discussing him before his face as if he were absent.

"He has been greatly abused," said Mrs. Enos K. Tasker, of Boston; "and you, Miss Perkins, have abused dear Cousin Parker more than any one."

"I *have* spoken unwisely about Cousin Parker, I admit," said Miss Perkins, "but I meant it for his good, and if he has made money as he says, I am as glad as anyone. I want to shake him by the hand, and tell him how glad I am he *has* done something for himself, even if the smart partner got almost all of the money."

Mrs. New York Tasker was ahead of all the Taskers in taking Cousin Parker by the hand, and in asking him about his good fortune. All they could get out of him, however, was that it was a new process of purifying kerosene, which had proved very valuable. Cousin Parker's luck had turned; and that very day, before he had left Abram Tasker's Vermont farm at East Village, he had returned all the money he had had from his relatives, with interest at six per cent.

Several years later, when the Ohio, Bungtown, and Chesapeake Railway Company defaulted in the payment of interest on its stock and bonds, Miss Perkins, whose small income was entirely dependent upon the dividends of that important trunk line, was reduced to the necessity of applying, through the kind-hearted Abram, for some assistance at the annual family gathering. She did not attend in person at East Village, but she wrote a pathetic letter of appeal. Cousin Parker was present (whose opinion in business matters was now much valued by the Hon. Enos K. Tasker, of Boston). He said nothing, and although now worth "considerable money," appeared unwilling to subscribe. A week later, however, he turned up in Newbury*port*. He went to see Miss Perkins at her little boarding-house. It was up a back street, and in a dingy neighborhood, for Miss Perkins, owing to the manipulations of a very powerful railway magnate, was now exceedingly poor in this world's goods. There was still enough left to support her and her cat and canary in a little room back in the boarding-house. When Cousin Parker called, he looked vacantly about the close little parlor into which he was ushered.

"She's used to better'n this," he whispered to himself. "*Poor* Miss Perkins!"

Then he blushed very red, for, lo and behold! she had entered noiselessly, and was standing opposite him.

"I *am* poor, Cousin Parker, it is true; and I want to say it right here—it's taught me a lesson. I guess I can pity those in misfortune a little now—I guess I can feel how hard it is not to have money and not to be able to earn it."

Cousin Parker moved uneasily in his seat. He felt embarrassed. "I—I want you to come home with me," he said, looking down. "I want you to come. Mis' Parker wants you to come. The nine children want you, Miss Perkins. They feel grateful."

The tears came into Miss Perkins's eyes, but she hurriedly brushed them away.

"They know how you did when I was in hard luck. You stepped forward an' loaned, Miss Perkins! Oh, I guess we Taskers can stand by one another in hard luck! Now come, Miss Perkins, get ready!"

Miss Perkins was quite overcome. She fairly sobbed. An hour before, she felt so friendless, so forlorn, so hopeless! She wished she was dead!

"They are a-expecting you, Miss Perkins; an' I know you won't hate my three boys. No," added Cousin Parker, proudly. "Fine, rosy-cheeked boys, Miss Perkins. As for my girls—there are only four now, Miss Perkins, for two died—but they are a-lookin' forward to givin' you a rousin' welcome up there in N' Hampshire, an' they don't mean to ever let you go away again—no! Come, get ready, Miss Perkins—we Taskers don't fergit kind deeds."

"Cousin Parker," said the prim maiden lady, standing up, "I believe you have the heart of an angel."

But he only looked down, coughed, and fumbled with his hat.

Seymour Wood.

OLD SID'S CHRISTMAS.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND.

The store was nearly empty when he lifted the latch, and as he looked cautiously in through the door and peered about, it seemed mighty cheerful and home-like. It was so different from anything in the West. The wooden pillars standing about, supporting the low ceiling, which sloped off like a low garret at the back; the barrels piled up here and there; the row of foxes' skins—ha! the same row of foxes' skins; and the cellarway, and the fly-specked ceiling, and the molasses barrels at the back—all looked so natural and so good that he could hardly believe his eyes.

As he stood in the door, the deep thunder of the river running over the dam struck through the bleak winter air with a desolate roar. The wind blew from the northwest in gusts that jarred the building, and made the huge elm at the door writhe and roar with rage, while each pedestrian bent his head and turned up his coat collar as he paced along the walk.

The new-comer limped in very slowly, his eyes devouring everything with a slow, hungry stare. Sandy, the clerk, was down-stairs getting some butter for an Irish woman who stood at the counter. No one else seemed to be around. Finally he looked at the stove. Glory! the same old stove and bench. Yes, there was the same curiously carved ancient bench that had been there ever since 1812, worn smooth by the lounging forms of three generations. A man was seated upon it, dozing in a rapid succession of cat-naps, his head falling softly forward occasionally on his breast.

Hearing the new-comer's cane on the floor, he looked up with a long dull stare, then suddenly fixed, brightened; his jaw dropped; his hand slowly, hesitatingly raised, then extended at last in a strangely suspicious, tentative manner, or so it seemed to the timid stranger. "Gosh all Friday! Sid Foster, this ain't you?"

"You bet it is, Sile!"

"Well, I'll be hanged! Darn glad to see yeh. Set down—set down. Gosh darn me! set down and warm."

Then they stared at each other as if to read each other's intervening history. Both were visibly affected. Sid was tall, full-bearded, wore a Derby hat, and had a curiously childlike expression of eye. Silas was grayer, short, his face covered with a month's growth of bluish gray beard. He tottered a little on his short thick

legs, while Sid dragged one foot after him painfully.

"Well! by gosh!" said Silas, with such a grave and hearty inflection that it did not shock the ear. "I wan' to know if it's you!"

They looked at each other again long and tenderly, and Sidney said, slowly: "It's me, Sile; but I didn't know as I'd ever set eyes on you fellers again. Jehosephat!" he ended, looking around. "Things look jest as they always did—same old kerosene barrel, codfish, bench."

"When 'd ye git in, Sid?"

"Jest now. Come up on the express from Boston. I was so gosh-darned anxious to get back, I didn't stop ten minutes in the city. Jest boarded the train."

"Darn glad to see yeh," repeated Silas, looking with dim eyes at his old friend fixedly, a little quiver on his sturdy upper lip. "Hain't seen Ed, 'r Sam, 'r any the rest o' the boys?"

"Nope; jest come right up here the fust blame thing. Says I, 'Now it's jest about lamplightin' in the store, an' some of the boys is settin' right there on that old settee, an' a good fire goin',' so I jest nacherly humped right along up here straight. 'Ain't had no supper n'r nawthin'."

Sid's face had a curiously timid expression, and he was in a very tender mood, which added to the hesitation, not to say the feebleness of his manner. He seemed to be expecting something disagreeable. He wasn't sure of his ground, someway.

"When d'y' git aout, Sid?" asked Sile, with a hesitating, curiously complex tone, after they had sat a long time in silence.

Sid started a little, and looked as if he had been waiting for this question. He looked at his old friend almost pleadingly. "Last Monday," he replied at last.

"I wan' to know! 'N' y' jest nacherly made tracks f'r here, did ye, Sid?"

"You bet. I wanted t' get jest as far from them blame stone walls as I could," said Sid, in a low voice, considerably firmer.

"Well, ye're lookin' well, Sid."

"I'm *feelin'* purty well jest now. God f'r Liger! Sile, it does my old bones a pile o' good t' get back here into the old grocery, and set eyes on you fellers once more. One while, after a stone fell on m' leg, I jest give up, nigh about."

Then they both fell into a reverie of a few moments, which was broken by the sound of boots on the walk, and the entrance, a little later, of two or three customers. While being waited on by the tow-headed clerk, one of them sauntered around toward the stove.

"Hello, Sile!"

"Hello, John!"

Here John stared at Sid in much the same way that Sile had—a kind of fixed blank stare, which changed slowly to recognition and to a kind of embarrassed smile, the hand being slowly and tentatively raised.

"Sid—this ain't you? Well, I'll be discumbobalated! When 'd ye git back?"

"Jest now."

"Waal, waal, waal! Say, old man, we'd jest about gin ye up. Fact! We heard you'd got into a scrape. Lookin' well, Sid. Must 'a' fed ye well?"

"Not any *too* well."

"Did they give y' anything t' wash it down with?" inquired the new-comer, with a wink.

"Not a darn thing, Jack."

"Phew! Too bad! Had any supper 'r anything?"

"Nope."

"Hain't, eh?" Tipping the old fellow an almost imperceptible wink, they moved slowly off toward the cellarway, down which they disappeared.

"What ol' chump is that?" queried the clerk of Silas and one or two who remained. "Looks as if he'd been drawed through a knot hole; kind o' pick-ed."

"I guess you'd look pick-ed if you'd spent four years in State's-prison. No beer, no brandy, no nothin'."

"What'd he go in for?"

"Had to."

"I mean, what'd they send him up for?"

"I f'rget. Ask him. Sile, what was Sid sent up for?"

"Stealin' s'm' wheat—they *laid to* 'im. But that old man never stole a pea-nut in his life. He's honest as the day is long."

"That's good, Sile. By gosh, that warms my old bones!" cried the poor old fellow, coming up the cellarway, and wiping his lips and eyes alternately. He was trembling with joy.

"Boys, I didn't steal one grain of that wheat. It was jest circumstantial evidence. Y' see, I was out the night afore, an' my buggy got covered with dirt and mud, an' I bein' a stranger, they jest hatched the whole thing up agin me. Boys, it was tough, I tell yeh! There was many a night they said: 'Sid, you'll never see the boys an' the old grocery agin.' But I did. Yesser. I did." Here he broke down.

At this point another man entered. A thin man with a black mustache. As he passed through the group Sid looked at him with something of the old apprehensive look. The new-comer nodded to two or three, and was passing, when Sile said:

"Tobey, this is ol' Sid. Don't you know him?"

"Yes, I know him. Not much good of him," was the crushing reply, accompanied with a look that withered the tender flower of Sid's self-respect, which had begun to spring up in the genial air of cordial greeting. His head dropped. The light went out of his face, leaving it pitiful as that of a grieved child. Doubly touching, indeed, because contrasted with his broad frame. He trembled with weakness, and a moment later sank into a chair, the tears running down his cheeks, his lips quivering.

"There, Sid! Brace up; brace up. We ain't s' darn s'picious as some folks. Gol darn it, Sid, I wish I could do something. Won't you take a little something more? It 'll kind o' warm ye up."

"No; 'tain't no use, Sile. Liquor don't seem to take no holt o' me as it use' to. I tell y', boys, it's purty tough on a feller t' come back this way, an' get slapped in the face that way. It makes a feller feel jest as if the whole world was agin him."

"Waal, they'll git over it by-'n'-by," said Silas, consolingly. "Don't mind 'em. Their say so don't 'mount to much."

"Everybuddy ain't so darn mean as that' ol' whelp," put in another. Then the conversation drifted off to the discussion of false witnessing and convictions of the innocent, which was very pleasing to poor old Sid as he sat in the midst of them. And yet there was a sort of half-heartedness, a cold blast of air that prevented a complete warming up of his heart. They plainly pitied him, but could not forget the prison smell on his clothing. It was not pity he wanted, but sympathy.

Old Silas was branching off into an extended recital of a case which came under his notice, when a young man came in with a fox-skin dangling in his hand. The smell of it roused a couple of hounds sleeping by the fire, and they made the room ring with their clamors as the hunter walked rapidly through the crowd and hung the pelt on a beam at the end of a row of seven already hanging there. Kicking the dogs into silence, the crowd, with the greatest unanimity, joked in chorus,

"Who'd y' *buy that* one of?"

The hunter turned with withering scorn. "Buy 'im of?"

"Oh, I see!" pursued the clerk, who had joined the crowd. "You *found* him—froze t' death somewheres."

Here the hunter's patience gave way, and with a whoop of rage he leaped on the ready clerk, and essayed to fling him to the floor.

The dogs bayed again. The crowd stamped and roared and clapped hands, and yelled with that complete zest which seizes a crowd of loafers when some one kindly creates diversion. The clerk was downed. The crowd cried, with singular quickness, as with one voice:

"It's on *you*, Sandy. Set 'em up, you red-headed son of a gun."

While the hot and dusty Sandy led the noisy crowd down below, the two old men sat still, staring fixedly at the stove and trotting their toes in the way common to old men.

"Who is that young feller?" asked Sid, with great eagerness. "Looks like some one I've seen."

"I guess you have seen him. His name's Sam Harris. His mother was a Cranby—Sairy Cranby. You remember her? We all went t' school t'gether, you remember." (He was not looking at his companion, or he would have wondered at the expression on his face.) "Yes; she married Gale Harris. I guess they lived over in Leominster when you was runnin' your carpenter shop. Say, ain't married, are ye?"

"Nope. 'Ain't got nary chick n'r child. Teetotally alone, Sile."

Here the crowd came back from below, and there ensued a medley of fox-hunting yarns, during which Sid sat as if in a dream, unnoticed by the crowd, his face in shadow, his eyes on young Harris, his hands resting on the top of his stick.

"How's yer mother—she that was Sairy Cranby?" he asked, finally, of the young man.

Sam's face sobered, and the old wanderer put one finger up against the young man's shoulder in startled silence.

"I—didn't think— I've ben away," he said, apologetically. No man could have shown more delicacy in apology than he, in his tone and in the pleading touch of his finger.

The young man said, finally, "Yes; she died in October."

"You don't say!" said Sile, as much surprised as Sid. "Why, I didn't know that. In October. Tchic! tchic!" and he clicked with his tongue to express his surprise. Sid looked pained, and sat plunged in deep reverie. Sile began speaking after a little silence:

"Gosh! I can remember goin' to spellin' schools an' quarterly meetin's with yer ma jest as plain as if it was yisterday. Sid here use' t' be rather sweet on her." All this was spoken with great gravity and tenderness in his voice. "How old was she, Sam?"

"A little past sixty."

"You don't say! W-a-a-l-a, waal-a, waal! We're gettin' old, Sid, sure's y'r born. By gosh! I'm sixty-two in March. Yes, sir. I don't look it, but I am. Sid, you're fully as old as I am. F'r all that black wig o' yours kinder makes y' look younger."

Here the old man rose, shrugged his shoulders, and sighed, and tottered around the room in a reverie. They were all much moved, but, man-like, neither would let the other know how much. They sat apart from the crowd, and went on with reminiscences, their heads in a circle.

"T'morrow bein' Chrissmuss—"

"By gosh! so 'tis. I'd forgot about that," interrupted Silas. "We don't make much of a time of Chrissmuss. M'rye don't believe in it."

"—I said to m'self, 'I jest get back in time f'r Chrissmuss,'" Sid went on, "'an' have a crackin' good time once more in my life.' Y' see, it never seemed like Chrissmuss out there on the prairie. They ain't no Chrissmuss without an ol' fireplace an' punkin pie. An' say, boys, I hain't had a bite o' real punkin pie sence— Well, not sence I—I went West. They don't know how t' make punkin pie out there, 'r else it's in the punkins."

"Couldn't Sairy Cranby make punkin pies! They wa'n't no one could beat her, 'less it was my fust wife. M'rye"—here Silas let his voice fall cautiously—"M'rye won't put spice in 'em, an' it don't taste jest right. She says it ain't healthy."

"What 're y' goin' to turn hand to, Sid?" queried Harris, kindly.

Sid's face darkened. "I don't know, Sam. I hain't got s' far as that. I jest figgered on gettin' back here. They ain't much I *can* do now. I'm purty well used up. Leg splintered an' sixty years of age an' a jailbird makes a hard look."

Finally Harris arose and said: "Well, I've got to be going. I'll be over again next week, Sid, and take y' home with me to spend New-Year's. The boys 'll look out for you to-night. Don't worry; somethin' 'll turn up. Good-night. Good-night, Silas."

After he had gone, the two old fellows went on talking a little, slowly and tenderly, with many interruptions. Most of those who came in knew nothing about Foster, so that he managed to keep in the shadow. Once Silas said,

"Wher' y' goin' t' hang out, Sid?"

"Damfino, Sile."

"I guess some o' the boys 'll look out f'r yeh. If they don't, my 'commodations ain't much, but y'r welcome to what they be."

It grew late, and one by one the boys dropped away without inviting the wanderer to their homes, and it was pathetic beyond measure to see the wistful look in Sid's eyes as some familiar face came over to say good-night, and to see the pitiful droop in his head and shoulders as, one after the other, they hurried out without the word which would have rejoiced his poor heavy heart. The bitter truth was being forced upon him that he was an outcast even among the companions who once called him the best man for a fox-hunt in Lexington. His head drooped lower and lower, and when Ed Loomis went out with a great show of joking with Sandy, and did not even say good-night, Sid dropped his face in his hands and gave up the struggle.

"They've all gone back on me—all of 'em."

Finally, when it became evident that Sid was being deserted by the rest of his old cronies, Silas rose up in his might.

"Waal, Sid, it ain't my style t' go back on m' frien's, so you jest come along home with me. I don't live in no Parker House, but it 'll keep a man from freezin' to death on a pinch."

Sandy was putting things to rights, and did not see the old fellows as they hobbled out of the door. Heavens, what a wind it was! It seemed to strike frost to the very hearts of these thin-blooded and poorly clothed old vagabonds. The walk was icy, and the snow outside the path deep, and they were forced to walk in single file. The thunder of the dam died away, and was lost in the angry roar of the trees overhead as they struggled along toward the north. All along their painful and slow walk Silas labored to prepare his companion for a dubious reception.

"Course M'rye not expectin' yeh will make a difference about the room an' so on; but it 'll be all right, I guess. Course she'll be abed, an' we'll jest haff t' kinda slip in without much noise."

And so he went on, until Sid stopped and said, "Now, Sile, if it's goin' t' make any trouble—"

"No trouble 't all," lied Silas, with the customary glibness of the host. "Gosh all Friday! can't I take home an old friend if I want to? I guess they ain't no law agin it. Darn funny if they is, and I 'ain't found it out. You jest let up on *that*, Sid."

"But y' see it's s' late."

"Don't make a mite o' difference. I'm alwiz late. She's use' to it," he continued, as they started on again against the bitter wind. It was nearly a mile out there, and the night was frightful, and their progress was very slow. Finally, when it seemed to poor old Sid that he could go no farther, the host turned in at the gate before a little old house, dark and silent. He tried the door; it was locked. He shivered a little with something besides cold, and then knocked on the door.

As they waited, it seemed the coldest place in the whole world, that door-step did. They turned their backs to the wind, and waited silently. Silas knocked again, and then a window opened in the usual manner, and a female voice, like the rasping intolerable squeak of a saw, was thrust forth, keener than the wind.

"Is that you, Sile Blood?"

"Yes, it's me, M'rye."

"Waal, whaddy you mean by comin' home this time o' night? Hain't you got no sense? Hain't I told you time an' time agin I wouldn't stand it?"

"Waal, I've ben a-visitin' with an old friend t'-night, M'rye, and I didn't notice."

"No, you *never* notice. I'll *make* y' notice. Who's this 'old friend'? Some whiskey-drinkin' ol' fool like y'rself, I'll bet. Come, who was it? I ain't a-goin' t' stay here much longer freezin'."

"It was Sid," said the frightened old man, meekly.

"Sid *who*, y' fool?"

"Si—Sid Fos—ter. He's here now," he added, desperately, with the heroic attempt to shield his chum.

"Sid Foster!" screamed the frightful voice. "You don't mean t' tell *me*, Silas Blood, that you've had the face t' bring that old jailbird home with y'?"

The thin form of the silent Foster shrank and shivered as if a keener blast than ever blew from the north had struck him. Silas tried to plead.

"It was a dum put up job; he didn't do it."

"I won't hear another word!" rang out the implacable voice. "I ain't goin' into the business o' harb'rin' thieves an' cutthroats. When you come back here *alone*, an' beg *my* pardon f'r bein' out s' late nights, I'll let you in, an' not *till*." And she slammed the window with great force, leaving the two freezing men houseless and speechless with dismay.

"She don't—mean it, Sid; she wouldn't shut a feller out such a night as this. It's jest her *way*. She'll come around purty soon an' open the door. M'rye's got an awful temper, but she ain't s' bad as that."

Sid was too cold and too hurt to speak. Silas summoned up a sort of desperate courage, and beat on the door with his fist till the window went up again.

"Sile Blood, I give you fair warnin' the last time you roused me up in the middle of the night that the next time you come home drunk and howlin' around I'd never let you in, an' I won't."

"But we're freezin'."

"I don't care if y' are. Serve y' right, t' go c'rousin' around with a lot of old sots and thieves. You c'n scoot right back t' the *cellar*, where y' spend s' much o' y'r time. Y' won't hear from me agin;" and she slammed the window down, but raised it a moment later to say: "If you hammer on that door any more to-night, I'll throw a pitcher o' water on your head. Now you listen t' me—d'ye hear?" There was a frightful menace in the tone, a grim relentless anger.

The wanderers turned, and went feebly down the walk till they reached a building which sheltered them a little from the wind.

"Look's if they was a *pair* of us," said Sile, in a feeble attempt to joke. Sid said nothing; he was cut to the heart. After a little Silas broke down. "Sid, I 'ain't got a cent, 'r I'd take ye up t' the hotel. 'Y gosh! I don't know what t' think o' M'rye."

"Waal, now, Si, you jest go back home an' go t' bed. Don't mind me; I ain't worth mindin'. I'll go back t' the hotel alone. If I freeze on the way, it don't matter. I ain't no good anyhow. I can't never git up agin with this lame leg an' this cough on me. You jest go right back; she'll let *you* in alone."

"I won't do it, Sid," replied Silas, stubbornly, all the man rising at arms in him. "'Y gosh! if you freeze, I'm goin' t' freeze with y'. Dave Sanders lives here; I'm goin' t' see if he won't—"

"You ain't goin' t' do no such thing."

"Why not?"

"B'cause they'd kick you out jest as soon as they found out who was with you. You've got t' git red o' me, 'r you never 'll get back home again."

In the situation, it seemed to the poor outcast as if he were bringing blight on everything he touched. But Silas was roused, and felt like standing or falling with his friend.

"I'm goin' t' stand right by you now, Sid. Le's go up t' the Mansion House. I guess they'll take us into the bar-room."

"I've got a little—a couple o' dollars—left."

"Oh, that 'll fix us all right f'r t' night, an' t-'morrow somethin' 'll turn up," said Silas, cheering up amazingly.

So they made their weariful way back up the hill toward the electric lights which marked the principal street. It was nearly twelve o'clock, and no one was stirring; every house was dark. The wind was at their backs, but the feeble old men scrambled, slipped, and fell as they crawled slowly up the hill. Sid had had no supper, and he was weak from hunger, which, added to his lameness, made his condition really pitiable; while Silas was old, and uncertain on his legs even at his best. Many times one or the other would go down with a gasp or groan, almost too exhausted to rise. They had but one thought now, and that was to reach the hotel; so as fast as they got on their feet again they kept on up the icy walk, clinging to the fence or the row of trees beside the walk.

The street was lined with large, old-fashioned houses, which stood far back in ample yards, and being unlighted at this hour, looked dark and inhospitable as prisons. The yellow flame of the street lamps flickered in the terrific blast, and gave out a feeble light. Not a soul was stirring, not a sound to be heard save the horrifying howl of the ferocious wind and creaking of the wildly tossing trees.

Just before they crossed the railroad track the New York express thundered by, brilliantly lighted, and passed away with receding roar into the south.

"How warm it looks in there!" muttered Sid to himself. "Are you cold, Sile?"

Silas did not answer. He had slipped, and lay half stunned with his fall. Sid dragged him up. "Don't lay there, Sile. We must hurry."

They clung to each other and started on. Neither made sound now save labored breathing, or a groan from Sid as he wrenched his lame leg.

"Oh, my hands! They're freezing!" cried Sid at last.

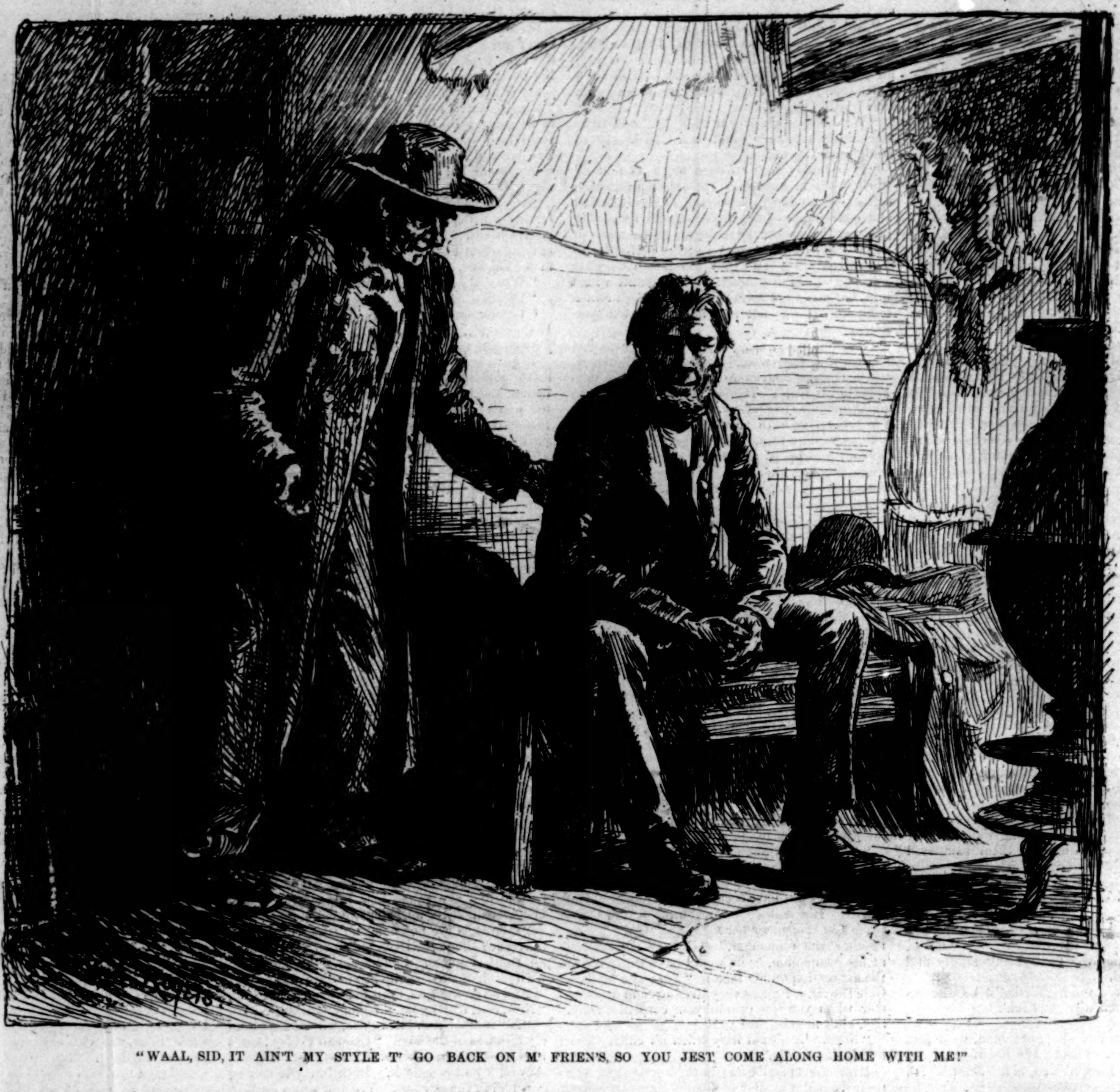
"Here, take my mittins awhile," said Silas, and pushed them into his hands. "Take 'em. Take one on 'em, anyway," he urged. And at last Sid yielded and put on the right mitten, while his companion retained the left. "'Tain't fur now," and they said no more, but struggled desperately forward.

At last they reached the level street again, and in the lee of the buildings made better progress, and soon reached the door of the hotel. Silas tried it, as if expecting to find it locked, but it was not, and, half dead, they entered the warm bar-room like two wave-tossed mariners reaching haven at last when hope was wellnigh gone. The clerk was sleeping in his chair, his head bent forward on his breast. He wakened as they entered and took seats before the fire.

"Hello, Si!" he said, with a stare and yawn. "What the devul you doin' here this time o' night? Ben out robbin' a hen-roost?"

Before Silas could reply, poor old Sid gave a curious gasping sound, and rolled out of his chair on the floor, his face as white as the rime on his great black beard. Overstrained nature had given way at last. Then came a time of excitement, hurrying for the doctor, questions and answers. The sick man was put to bed, warmed, fed, rubbed, till finally he slept.

Down in the bar-room old Silas stood up like a hero, and told the whole thing as it was. Ending: "Ef Sid Foster dies now, it 'll lay t' the door o' them sneaks that went back on him an' slunk off



"WAAL, SID, IT AIN'T MY STYLE T' GO BACK ON M' FRIEN'S, SO YOU JEST COME ALONG HOME WITH ME!"

home, leavin' me and M'rye the only chance. It was too fur out there, anyway, an' I hope M'rye 'll see herself jest as she looks t' this hull town now." And they put him to bed also, for his coughing had increased to the extent that the task of speaking was a most painful one for the listener as well as himself.

"They'll both pay for this," said the doctor.

"Shall we send for your wife?" he asked Silas, as he lay on his bed, muffled to the nose and shivering with a chill that reached his heart.

"No," he said, with a spirit that made the doctor smile. "She turned us out o' doors. I don't wan' to see her. She's worse 'n—"

A fit of coughing cut his sentence off, and he did not say how much worse Maria was than anything he could think of. He soon forgot where he was, and becoming delirious, tried to throw the covers off, muttering the while unintelligible sentences.

"How near they came to dying in the street!" mused the doctor, in the presence of the clerk. "It would have read well in the *Herald* in the morning, wouldn't it? Who is the other old fellow?"

The clerk didn't know him.

Maria Blood did not sleep well that night; she was conscious that she had done a monstrous thing. There was not very much of juice in her nature, but she had a sort of a heart somewhere in her flabby anatomy. She was a second wife, and this her second husband, and the word love had no meaning for her; but, after all, the enormity of turning two feeble old men into the street on a bitter night got through her thick flesh somehow and made her uncomfortable. All the next morning she raged in the ears of her mother, who was as little, meek, and faded as she was big and fat and keen-tongued.

"I don't know what that fool of a man meant by bringing that old skeezucks round here at that time o' night. He might 'a' known I'd lock him out. Where do you s'pose he spent the night?"

"I shouldn't be s'prised if he spent it on the snow, M'rye Blood. I shouldn't be a mite s'prised at any minnit t' have 'em come bringing 'im in stiff."

"There, you hush up! You needn't think you c'n scare me," snapped the disturbed woman.

Her mother went on: "The Lord's jedgment 'll come on you, M'rye. He'll never f'rgit this. They can't no woman turn her husband out t' freeze, an' not feel the hand of the Lord in chas*tise*munt upon her."

The meek little mother was growing strong with the strength of a righteous indignation, and the shrew had not a word to say in reply, but went nervously to and from the window. She was a hard-working woman and a good house-keeper, and there was truth in her next speech, which she broke out with while frying her morning cakes.

"I've supported Silas Blood for ten years. He 'ain't done nothin' but potter around an' saw a little wood. I've had to take in washin' an' go scrubbin' to keep him alive."

"But the house was his'n."

"The house is his'n, yes; but it 'ud been eat up with taxes long ago ef I hadn't a-took hold an' worked sixteen hours a day."

There was another silence. Then the old woman said, mildly, "T'-day's Christmas, M'rye."

"What if it is?"

"Waal, seems's 'f we ought 'o be a little pleasanter spoken, hadn't we?"

"Yes; there it is again. I'd like t' know who c'n be pleasant-spoken in this house? I *was* goin' t' give Sile a new pipe this mornin', an' you a new cap, but now I'll jest throw 'em in the stove, an' I'll never do another thing for either of you. You do nothin' but nag an' nag an' find fault."

There was sign of the angry woman's break-down, but her mother was whimpering, and wiping her eyes, and did not see it or hear it, and Maria plunged about the room, getting breakfast with more than her usual noise and clatter.

As Silas did not come, they sat down to their breakfast, and in silence the wife attempted to eat. Once she saw a boy running down the hill, his face almost hidden in a scarf, as if it were very cold. Nobody else seemed stirring. Maria was ever an early riser, but this morning she had risen earlier than usual. Suddenly some one knocked on the door, and the women looked at each other a moment, then said together, "Come in." It was the boy with the scarf.

"Dr. Evans he told me t' tell you that your husban' was up t' the Mansion House sick abed, and that he don't think he can be moved, an' you'd better come right up an' see 'im."

The mother rose in her new-found strength. "There, M'rye Blood! Now I hope you're satisfied with las' night's work! If he sh'd *die*, it 'ud be no wonder—no wonder 'tall. The hand o' the Lord is in it. It 'll be a mercy if the man lives; his cough has been bad all winter. You've brought this on y'rself, M'rye Blood."

She was talking to herself, for the boy, having delivered his message, had leaped out of the door, and conscience-stricken Maria had begun to put on her wraps with nervous haste. All the fearful self-questionings of a murderer began to rise in her mind. The nagging of her roused mother was nothing to the tumult within. And yet it was not love; it was a simple selfish desire to be spared the unrest, the penalties, and future punishments of a murderer. "Why didn' they tell me b'fore?" she groaned.

"You'd better hurry," gloated the mother. "If he sh'd die before y' got there, you'd have a sweet time. It 'ud serve y' right if he never set foot—"

Silas did not know her, and though he lived two days he never spoke an intelligible word, but lay there with breath roaring and face livid with hot blood, eaten up with fever, struggling at times in the most agonizing paroxysms of coughing.

"Oh, Silas, I didn't mean it! Won't you forgive me?" pleaded the woman, who hovered over him like a mother, haggard, unkempt, restlessly trying to do something more. "Oh, can't you hear me? *Can't* you understand? I thought you'd— Oh, I didn't mean it! I didn't know w'at I was doin'. *Please* look at me, an' say you f'rgive—please do! I can't sleep nights if you don't."

"It's no use talking to him now. He would not hear a cannon," said the cool stern voice of the doctor. "He may be able to speak just before death."

The wretched woman gave way to the wildest shrieks and moans, as barbaric in her grief and fear as in her anger. The doctor turned from her in disgust, doubting her sincerity.

The lucid moment never came, for when the fever left the old man, death came swiftly. He was a pitiful object, with his ashy face thickly covered with a bluish gray growth of beard, which the shrinking of the flesh made strangely to lengthen. He was more emaciated than one would have thought possible in so short a time, and repulsive to a degree. There is something beautiful in the flesh of a dead child or girl, but not in an old man like this.

"To this complexion must we come," said the doctor, who was something of a cynic.

"How is old Sid?" asked the undertaker, fat, jolly, and red-haired.

"Oho! an eye to business, I see."

"Say, let up on that; it's an old joke."

"Is, eh? Well, I think I'll cheat you out of a job on old Sid for a week or two. He is weak, but easy."

He was weak, but quiet. That was apparent to Sam Harris as he entered the room. Sam had come over as soon as he heard how things stood with the friend of his mother. Maria Blood was there. Since the death of her husband she had devoted herself with the most fear-stricken devotion to the care of Foster. She was fearful he too might die, and all that she as an excellent house-keeper could do, she brought to the bedside of the man she had called thief and cutthroat. She grew strangely silent and self-contained, her only thought now to save Sid.

Sid knew Sam, and whispered a greeting to him slowly, extending his thin hand: "I'm glad t' see y', Sam. I knew the son o' Sairy Cranby wouldn't go back on me."

"I don't know what t' say t' excuse myself, Sid, for leaving you that night; but I thought the boys would look after yeh, and so I drove off, thinking I'd take y' out when it wasn't s' consarned cold."

"It's all right, Sam. How much y' look like y'r mother, Sam! If she'd a-liked me as well as I liked her, I wouldn't be a-layin' here, an' old tramp 'thout chick n'r child. But I don't blame her. I don't blame nobody. It's jest the way things go in this world, anyway. D'ye s'pose I'll see her *there*, Sam?" inquired the sick man, eagerly.

"Certainly, Sid. That's what the Bible says."

"I know; but I ain't so sure about that as I use' t' be. I ain't sure at all." He added, with a patient sigh, "They tell me Sile is put away underground."

"Yes, Sid; he was buried two days ago."

"Waal, I ain't goin' t' last long. I'll soon be where he is, an' if they *is* a throne, and God sittin' on it, I wan' to be round t' stand up an' witness f'r him. He stood up f'r me like a man, an' I wan' to do as much f'r him when I git a chance."

He followed Silas about three weeks later, and was buried beside his champion, according to the earnest wish of Maria.

"I called him a thief and a cutthroat, an' now I'm goin' t' put him b'side my own father on one side an' Silas on the other, in our own *fam'ly* lot. He shan't be a stranger if I c'n help it."

"Rather singular thing that those old fellows should fall in together at last, ain't it, doc?"

"Wel-l, yes-s. Still, they went off in about the usual way of old men. Exposure a little unusual. Neither of them could have lived a year, though. Tide of life had run pretty low anyway."

"But I wonder if old Sid *did* steal that wheat?" pursued the clerk. "That's what I want to know."

"Don't know, and don't care," smiled the doctor, as he buttoned his huge fur coat round his throat and leaped into his sleigh.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS ABROAD.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

HEN the passengers on one of the "Atlantic liners" last summer went on deck on the morning after the mails had been dropped upon a tender outside Queenstown Harbor, they saw one shore of the Mersey, white and green, within gunshot. Presently there popped into view a dainty little watering-place, with its long low summer hotels in the background, and a line of bathing machines close down by the water on the broad white sand beach. Close by, ahead of them, rose Liverpool, looking like a great hill of granite, toothed and fretted with steeples, towers, and chimneys, and shadowed by a little sky of its own, a pall of smoke. We had packed up, and all our traps were piled on deck, ready to accompany us upon the tender that was to take us to the landing wharf, for, as we learned afterward, there are few harbors like our own at New York, in which voyagers begin and end their journeys at the city's wharves.

Presently a little black squat tender rubbed against our ship, and we descended upon her as the few who stopped at Ireland had done at Queenstown. She was so small and we were so numerous that there was scarcely room to stand up, and stand we were obliged to for more than an hour. During most of that time we feasted our eyes on the queer river craft of the Mersey. All the boats were black, and nearly all were low in the water. Their hulls were all of iron, their smoke-stacks were short, and they seemed to us to move faster than our far prettier river boats at home. One of them, the biggest of all, darted by us like a train of cars. It was an Isle of Man steamer flying the Manx flag, with its three human legs joined at the thighs and forming a rimless wheel. There were no awnings on any of the steamers, and we wondered at it, for we were broiling in the sun. Some one suggested that it looked as though sunshine were a rarity in Liverpool, but one might argue as much about rain, for there were no shelters of any sort on the broad clear decks of the boats. They were without deck-houses, and as flat and bare as the deck of a monitor, except for the paddle-boxes and the bridge connecting them.

PICTURESQUE BIT IN WEST DERBY.

"Well," remarked a fair but learned American miss, "I don't care. Whatever the weather is, they get it from us. If it wasn't for our Gulf Stream, which we lend them one end of, they could not live on these islands."

We saw a bumboat woman putting out with her boat and baskets, and presently, as our tender touched the wall of a massive dock of masonry whose top was crowded with idlers, we saw our first policeman and our first British soldier. Both were as natural and familiar as if we had suddenly found ourselves in a theatre looking simultaneously at the two of Gilbert and Sullivan's operas in which the military and the police are cast. How very awkward and funny the policeman looked! And no matter where we saw policemen afterward, or how many of them we saw, they always stirred the same sense of the ridiculous within us. This one's coat was so short — they are precisely alike all over the kingdom—and his coat tails were so stiff and stood out at such an improper angle; his white-gloved, empty hands were so evidently a burden on his mind; his waist was so pinched; and his black helmet (with its suggestion of a sausage of cloth on the top) was so very odd — that, altogether, we felt sorry for him. He certainly looked as if his lot were not a happy one. With the soldier it was different. His uniform may have been quite as queer and ungraceful, but, as we came to find out later, an English soldier may wear anything without any more than a partial diminution of the superabundant swagger and cockiness with which he is possessed. It is little matter what he wears; it is his manner that clothes him. No matter what his stature or shape, his evident pride and confidence will render him an object to admire. The one who introduced the British Army to us in his own person wore a little cap the shape of the cover of a pill box, and had poised it with mysterious skill at an angle of ninety degrees above one ear. He had a short, tight red coat, with little tails that rose in rebellion at the belt that drew them out of their proper and graceful relation to the rest of the garment. Finally, he carried a tiny little cane, too big for a lead-pencil, and too small for a ruler. One end of this he inserted under his armpit in the most captivating and jaunty manner, while he appeared to look at our boat-load and not to see the trio of pretty domestics who were gazing at him with rapt admiration.

A STREET SCENE IN LIVERPOOL.

A few minutes later all the passengers were climbing upon the great landing-stage, and making their way to an enormous room, as bare as an unused barn, to watch the examination of their baggage. On the walls were the letters of the alphabet, and it was every one's business to find the initial letter of his name, and to see that the porters brought his baggage there. Whenever any one thus secured all his traps, he moved them, or had them moved, across the floor to a long narrow platform, behind which the inspectors stood. The epidemic of gold-lace which is one of the maladies of monarchies was first noticed in this customs shed. The inspectors wore gold braid, the railroad runners wore still more, and the agents of the great tourist companies blazed with it. Gold-lace is misleading in Europe, but we did not know it then. It excited awe and respect, but in time it was to pass by our bumps of reverence and attack our purses, suggesting tips—usually for imaginary services.

The customs examination proceeded slowly for all except one passenger. He was a Connecticut youth, who said that he had been told that the only way to get along comfortably in Europe was to ask for what one wanted, go where one wished, and do as one pleased, pursuing that course up to the point of

THE BOWLING GREEN.

AN ENGLISH POLICEMAN, LIVERPOOL.

SALT CART, LIVERPOOL.

success or evident failure. He had heard that such truly American behavior offered so strong a contrast to the respectful, humble, hesitating manners of native Europeans in the presence of red tape and authority that it was certain to succeed. So he slapped his big valise down opposite the letter A near the door, and called for an inspector. The inspector asked him if his name began with A, and he replied, "No; that it was Williams; but he had only that bag, and there was nothing dutiable in it; furthermore, that he was willing to 'make it right' if he was spared any great degree of trouble." This American method worked to a charm. The inspector looked the bag through, accepted a shilling, and pasted on the piece of baggage a little square of gummed paper like a big postage-stamp. This was to be removed at the street door before any one could take the bag away. The possessor of the American talisman, not being selfish or a boor at heart, then spent an hour in the shed assisting the other passengers, and boasting of his triumph over circumlocution.

While those with whom I had exchanged companionship on the voyage were in the toils of the customs men, an English gentleman ventured the suggestion that if we wished to experience hotel life of the sort Dickens and Thackeray loved to describe, we should avoid the railway hotels in Liverpool, and go to Laurence's Temperance Hôtel in Clayton Square. We had previously decided to stop a day in Liverpool, not only to rest, but because we had never heard of any tourists including that city in their lists. New sights, not overdone by tourists, were what we pledged ourselves to find. So we set out for Laurence's. As our trunks and bags were being lifted to the tops of two four-wheelers, I asked a policeman what I ought to pay for my four-wheeler and valise.

"Oh, one and six," said the policeman; "that's enough."

I gave the policeman sixpence and thanked him. At the door of the hotel I stepped from the cab, and gave the driver a shilling and sixpence. The fellow looked at the money as if it were a bug that might bite him. Then he advanced toward me, holding the money in his outstretched hand.

"One and six," he said, mournfully—"one and six. Always one and six. Why, I thought if I got an American fare I would be treated 'andsome; but no, it's one and six; always the same."

This soliloquy touched my better nature, ignorant as I then was of the fact that life from the stand-point of a British cabman is little else than a continual earning of one and sixpence; but before my heart had time to dominate my brain, and that, in turn, to direct my hands, a youth, who introduced himself as "Boots," rushed out of the hotel, saying, "Please, sir, 'ave no words with 'im. 'E's got his fare; let 'im go." Inside the hotel door this young man added, "Never 'ave nothink to say to a cabby, sir, if you can properly 'elp it."

Laurence's is a modest brick house tucked away in a corner of a modest brick square in the heart of Liverpool. No one would ever go to it unless directed there, or see it except by accident. Physically, it looks like an overgrown private house; morally, it is an island of temperance in a sea of gin, for there are gin-shops and what might be called *in*-temperance hotels all around it.

A smiling little matron advanced to meet our party, and led us to the office past a door labelled "Commercial Room," facing a door labelled "Billiards," and beneath a most extraordinary series of dust-covered bells, each at the end of a spring made of an iron band. The office was the least like an office of any room you could imagine. It was fitted like a family parlor or a ladies' sewing-room. To each of us the matron handed a little disk of card-board, saying, "Put it in your hat, sir." It bore in plain print the name of the hotel, and in ink the number of the visitor's room. They always say "visitor" at hotels in England, by-the-way, as we say "guest." The little circle of card-board amused us very much, but afterward we grew accustomed to receiving something of the sort at each hotel we stopped at. I heard a rather dissipated American bestowing hearty praise upon the system in London weeks afterward. He carried in the inner band of his hat a card of the hotel he was stopping at.

"It's a big thing," he said. "Here's my name and the name of my hotel and the number of my room—three important facts which a gentleman needs to know, but is not always certain to remember. I never felt so perfectly safe and at ease anywhere in my travels as I do in London, because, after a night at the club, if I am asked any questions by a policeman, or wish to tell my cabby all that is necessary for him to know, I simply take out my card under a lamp-post, and read to him, 'My name is Struthers, my hotel is Morley's, and my room is 48.' The system shows a consideration and a degree of forethought which is truly remarkable."

On my way upstairs in Laurence's, my eye caught the view from a window on an upper landing. It was so distinctly foreign and so peculiar that I stood and looked at it for full two minutes. It was a view of a myriad of chimney-pots. The roofs of a dozen houses were beneath me, and of the many chimneys that rose above them not one had less than two chimney-pots; many had four. Truly the three thousand miles of water between the Old World and the New was not without its significance. We were in the mother country, but a foreign one withal, where even the trifles wore a strange appearance.

I was interrupted by a rustle of skirts on the stairs, attended by the exclamation: "Oh, do come up and see our rooms! They are too quaint for anything." "And see mine," said another voice; "this is an unexpected treat." I ascended another flight, and found my fellow-passengers, male and female, fluttering from one room to another, while a chamber-maid or two, in starched mob-caps and aprons, looked on with surprise. The rooms were ordinary bedrooms, but their appointments were indeed peculiar. The beds were heavy wooden affairs with canopy tops, from which curtains of figured cotton hung to the floor. Curtains hung from the bed-frames to the floor, and high posts rose at the foot of each bedstead. The toilet stands were unlike any we had ever seen, cumbrous things of hard-wood varnished, and of most peculiar shapes, curving in and out quite fancifully. In each room was a sort of long flat stool or four-legged rack, and on these the trunks had been placed. The only mirror in each room was in the back of the toilet stands. The general effect was very quaint and old-fashioned and pleasing.

When I was shown to my room, I was disappointed at seeing an iron bedstead there instead of an old-time "contraption" like the others. But I came to know that mine was the more natural experience, for the iron bedstead is the standard one of England. I slept in a dozen beds in England, and nine or ten were iron.

But every turn we made in this old hotel was productive of pleasure. When I took a bath, it was in a room wherein was stored a dozen of those singular low-bowled, high-backed metal tubs that Englishmen used to carry all over the world with them. They are as difficult for an American to manage as a pair of Chinese chopsticks. I afterward met an American living in London who confided to me the proud fact that he was learning to use one. He said that at first he saw no hope of ever being able to wet more than his ankles in it, but that, after a month's practice, he was immersing himself up to his waist. However, there was a modern bath in this room at Laurence's, put in for barbarians like myself; and in the same room I saw a heavy cord and tassel, evidently connected with one of the bells down-stairs, and reminding me of the things stage-managers used to nail to a side scene twenty years ago, for actors to pull when they pretended to call a servant.

But our chief joy came when we went down to luncheon in the great second-story front room, which bore the words "Coffee Room" painted on its door, and which was garnished with two bell-handles in the door-frame, one marked "Waitress" and the other "Boots." In this room was a great central table, flanked on either side by mahogany chairs, and set with numerous plates and knives and forks and casters. There were other chairs in the windows, and there was a sofa against one wall. At one end of the room was a fireplace surmounted by a mirror, and at the other end stood a great mahogany sideboard, bearing three huge dishes, one of cold beef, one of cold mutton, and one of cold ham. The waitress, a chillingly dignified young woman in a most becoming mob-cap and tiny white apron, came in and said, "Tea? tea? tea?" inquiringly to each of us. "You will help yourselves to the joints," she remarked, casually, as she passed out of the room. Then it dawned upon each of us that we had often read of restaurants and dining-rooms in inns where it was the custom for visitors to carve their own portions of meat. We thought it great fun to do this, carrying our plates to the sideboard and loading them and taking them back to the table. We had been warned that the roast beef of old England has become a tradition, and that it is now a refrigerated importation, largely from America and Australia, so we did not taste it. We found the mutton better than any we had any of us ever eaten, and the ham was a revelation. It never ceased to be a revelation afterward whenever we tasted English ham. It was never salt nor bitter; it was always sweet and toothsome, and of that quality best described as "melting in the mouth." By each of our places at table was a dish of lettuce, merely washed, and to be eaten with salt, as one eats radishes. We noticed that the red pepper cruets were fitted with little metal spoons, the handles of which ran up into the stoppers of the bottles. The drinking water was of the average temperature of hotel soup, and there was no ice at hand. The tea was strong enough to eat its way through anything less resisting than crockery.

I went about Liverpool a great deal in twenty-four hours. It is the fashion to slander this greatest of all English seaports as a dirty, ill-favored place; but such can only be the view of those who have not seen it, but have merely visited or heard of its slums and sailor quarters. I shall not describe the city, because it will be better, in another article, to dwell on the peculiarities of English city life in London, where they are more pronounced. Yet let me say that by stopping in Liverpool I was plunged at once into the absolutely foreign atmosphere of a city upon whose habits tourists have made very slight impress. It is like our Brooklyn in that respect. That in itself is something worth seeing, and it carries distinct advantages with it; among others, the advantages of more economical shopping, so certain wide-awake ladies tell me, than are offered in London. And while I was there accident gave me a glimpse of life so quaint and picturesque and so marked by Old-World savor and placidity that nothing I saw in all my journeying was more distinctively foreign. I could scarcely have hoped for so great a treat after much searching, yet it lies within a horse-car journey of the landing-stage. Counting the voyage as a mere means to an end, it seemed like being able to leap from the fever of New York to the drowsy calm of English home life in half an hour.

This good fortune befell me in this way: The double horse-cars, and particularly the rows of ruddy-faced folks on top of them, were so attractive, as offering open air and chances for sight-seeing, that our little party stopped one of the cars, and clambered to the top of it—"the knife-board," as they say over there—by means of the narrow and ingeniously unhandy little stairway that rose from the back platform. Once up there and in the high-backed seats, we felt that on no royal entry into any city did monarch ever have a better opportunity to see the scenes he rode through. At first our route lay between rows of characteristic little shops, with their goods displayed in an equally characteristic litter in the windows and on the walks. We noted the displays of meat in the butchers' shops, looking like painted theatrical "property" instead of real meat; the cricket goods, where the appurtenances of base-ball would be seen at home; the extra tall lamp-posts, each with a long yard-arm on one side instead of a pair of short handles, as in America; the royal red iron cylinders, like crowned hydrants, that are their letter-boxes (or "pillar posts," as they call them). We were astonished at the bigness of the horses and the heaviness and queer shapes of the wagons. The fashion seemed to be to build the bodies or platforms of the wagons as low down beneath the axles and near the ground as possible, and to make every wheeled vehicle as strong as an army gun-carriage. It was fortunate for the horses that they were built in like proportions. And seven times in ten the traces were of rope, though now and then we saw them made of chains. Almost as frequently the drivers walked beside their horses in the roadways instead of riding as our drivers do. These things we still recall as peculiarities of Liverpool's street scenes, as features we did not notice so frequently anywhere else.

The first objects that seemed precisely like their counterparts at home were the cigar stores. They proved to be nearly all like our own. The placards, pictures, and packages of tobacco and cigarettes were identical, for they were mainly American or in imitation of American goods.

We had already been impressed by the peculiarity of the speech of the people. It was so different from our own as to be next door to a foreign tongue. It differed in the common choice of words, the pronunciation, the tone of the voice, and in the change or chanting of that tone. There is need for dwelling on the differences between English and American speech, but not at this time. Suffice it that we quickly discovered that those Anglomaniacs who think themselves linguistic apes because they broaden their a's and substitute the word "fancy" for our word "guess" can never hope to deceive an English person or the trained ear of those who know the English.

Alas! we noticed something quite as marked and general that would be better worth imitating, but that we never can aspire to—the English complexions. Naturally, we saw tens of thousands of them in the first twenty-four hours, and they were all alike, whether they were carried by our chamber-maids, the shop-girls, the general pub-

TYPES IN LIVERPOOL.

lic, or the beggar folk. Even when the cuticle was coarse (which was not the rarest condition), it was clear as refined wax, and tinged with the bloom of health. Gossip has accused many English beauties who have appeared on the stage in New York of the folly of enamelling their faces, but twenty-four hours in England taught us that nearly all the women wear this enamel over there; but it is enamel that money will not purchase. The gentle, soft, moist climate is to be praised for it. Always damp, and never either very hot or very cold, all vegetable and animal growth thrives there. "You keep your homes and shops and hotels too hot over in America," the travelled English are fond of saying; "you dry your skins into leather." That is very true also. But our climate is most at fault.

As the car rolled on and left the business quarter, we noticed how level and smooth and clean the streets were, and that the names of all of them were placarded as plainly on all the corners—and sometimes even in the middle of the blocks—as a business man would advertise his goods. The street names were made of great plates of iron painted so as to make them bold and distinct. We noticed very cabalistic marks here and there on the house and garden walls; letters and figures, such as "Θ 15 feet" and "H. 5 feet." These were for the convenience of firemen, and to notify them where to find the fire-plugs and hydrants, for they appear not to district the city for their firemen as we do ours.

As the car passed through the residence portion of the city the absence of trees in the streets became painfully noticeable. As a rule, the houses were built flush with the sidewalks, and those avenues wherein there were narrow strips of greenery before the houses were distinguished as "Such-and-such Terrace," or "So-and-so Terrace." The scarcity of even such poor ornament as this, and the parading of it under high-sounding names, augmented one's sorrow for the people. But in a few minutes we were in the outskirts of the city, and found a fresh surprise awaiting us. Here were the houses of the commercial aristocracy, each in ample grounds, with trees and grass and flowers in abundance—but all were walled around! We did not know then that all English homes outside the cities (and rich men's places in the cities), are thus sequestered and enclosed.

As we looked down into the gardens from the top of the car, and realized that the people in the streets and on the roads could see nothing of all this comfort, elbow-room, and luxuriance—nothing on either side except high walls—only the selfishness that appeared to lie at the bottom of such a custom occurred to our minds. We saw, with righteous pleasure, that wherever small gardens had been subjected to the walling process, the sun itself was thrust out, and the grounds were dark and uninviting; ay, were often damp and green with fungi.

We could not then know, as we were to learn by travel, experience, and inquiry, that the English walls are among the visible bulwarks of that principle which gives every individual a high degree of liberty and independence, and which makes every Englishman's home his castle. They pursue that principle so far that even in the little space and chance we had for studying it, we saw that in many important respects our land of the free does not offer its citizens anything like the degree of individual liberty which these subjects of "an effete monarchy" all enjoy, and which the humblest and least-deserving among them will not submit to departure from, even to the distance of a hair's-breadth. This is another subject for illustrations and examples too numerous and too slowly obtained for proper insertion here.

But the garden walls were in themselves hateful to American eyes and ideas—each wall with its gate or doorway, and each entrance labelled with a fancy name, such as "Woodslope Villa," "The Retreat," or "Fitzpennyworth House."

At last we came to farm land, with the meadows set apart by hedges, with here and there a tavern or a smithy, and suddenly the car stopped in the heart of a tiny little English village, every item in whose make-up was a materialization of dream-land—a realization of some dismembered bit of English fiction. The car stopped in a little square. On one side was the great park of an English nobleman—Lord Sefton—with its grand gate and carved lions on the posts, and its main avenue leading beneath trees and between meadows farther than the eye could see, precisely like Mrs. Burnett's description of the park of little Lord Fauntleroy's grandfather. Close by stood a beautiful stone church with a great square tower of the Norman type, and on the same side as the park was an ancient brick house, at least as old as the memory of Queen Bess, with tiny slit-like windows and queer chimneys, and a roof of ancient tiles or slabs of stone, no two pieces of which were of a size. In front of this house was a monument to some departed Sefton, purposely shaped like one of the old crosses that were set up in olden cities, a picturesque, ornate pile of carved stone on a massive platform raised above the road-level. Opposite the nobleman's park were two typical inns, which, with the Elizabethan cottage opposite, began the two sides of the curving village street of West Derby.

We almost pinched ourselves to be assured we were not in dream-land. How fortunate the fate that made us choose a West Derby car from among the many that traverse the ways of Liverpool!

One of our party, a masculine member, went into one of the inns, saying that he wanted a cigar. In another instant he shot out again, with his face alight with excitement, and bade us all follow him back again. "Come in," he said; "the ladies may come. It is finer than Delmonico's." He was always an enthusiast; a born optimist, that man.

We found ourselves in a large room without a sign of a bar, but with all the other concomitants of what the English would call a genteel drinking place. It was very peculiarly appointed. Around the walls, in ample curves, were several crescent-like upholstered seats, the backs of which were so tall that each seat formed a sort of compartment, with its opening toward the centre of the room, and with a small table within the jaw of each crescent. The framing of each of these little drinking booths was of polished hard-wood, massively constructed. The seats and backs were of padded leather. The combination produced a rich and cozy effect. The front windows were half ground glass and half clear glass, and through the latter one saw the tops of trees, the stained roof of the Elizabethan cottage, and the beautiful tower of the village church. The only other window was filled with stained glass, whose colors gladdened and warmed the room.

Having settled us on the leather cushions, the discoverer of the place rushed out to order liquid refreshment for us, and then darted back again, his face all aglow once more. "Oh, come out here," he exclaimed, like a child in a toyshop dropping one gimcrack to seize another. "Here's the most beautiful place I ever saw," and off he went, with us in his wake.

He was not too enthusiastic. I doubt to-day, now that the beauties of that summer abroad are shelved in the cupboard of recollection, whether any of us afterward saw a bit or ornament of Europe more lovely, unexpected, interesting, and satisfying than the gem to which he led us. It will remain in memory's gallery one of a few superb oil-paintings amid a myriad sketches in crayon. It is this to which I have referred as carrying us to the heart of English life within a half-hour's journey from the wharf.

It was a bowling-green. To see it with the mind's eye you must imagine the greenest, most opulent grass-plot it is possible to conceive—a bit of greensward like a carpet one hundred feet long by something more than eighty feet wide. Fancy that enclosed by three walls and the end of the brick inn, and then imagine those walls clothed with ivy, against whose dark mass shine brilliant garden flowers, growing in narrow beds all around the enclosure—hollyhocks, roses, geraniums, and lilies. Picture to yourself two of the corners of this parallelogram cut off so as to form two little summer-houses or nooks open toward the green, and each set with a table and benches. Then picture five or six portly old Englishmen playing there at bowls. If you are an adept at the trick of drawing mental pictures you are now enjoying the daintiest of rural scenes, the one farthest from what we are accustomed to in America of any that I saw yet that it is possible to reproduce here exactly—all but the habits of life and the tastes that have kept the simple pleasures of bowling fresh through England's centuries.

The grass in that bowling-green was plucked in little handfuls at a time in the crevices of distant mountains. It is as fine as a lady's hair, and as soft as worsted. It was planted in a plot that seems level, but, in fact, is skilfully raised in the centre, and made to slope very, very gently toward all the sides. Cut, watered, and rolled constantly, it has demanded the care needed to rear a baby; but it has repaid the owner with the beauties of a Turkey carpet.

A TYPICAL ENGLISH BEDROOM, LIVERPOOL.

One of the stalwart, bearded old English gentlemen advances upon the edge of it with a lignumvitæ ball in one hand—a sphere the size of a base-ball. The ball was turned by its maker with what is called "a bias"—that is, unevenly—so that it will curve slightly when it rolls. With apparent ease, cleverly masking the force he uses, the player tosses the ball before him, and it rolls to within fifteen feet of the opposite edge of the little green. Then he stoops, and picking up a ball half as large again, rolls that after the little one. The game is to come as near the little ball as possible, the winner being he whose ball goes the nearest. Each player takes a turn, one ball at a time. They utilize the bias of the balls so as to roll theirs around those that may stop in the way. It is a gentle, pretty game, exactly fitting the needs of an elderly Englishman, since it requires skill, it excites ambition, it is played in the open air, and it is not too violent for a body that has been well dined and wined for half a century or so.

Seated in that lovely tavern garden watching the men at play from one of the corner nooks, with a drapery of vine leaves falling over the edge of the little cabin and the perfume of the flowers breathing upon us, we sipped our drinks, and answered for ourselves the question whether the end of a European trip was worth the tedious voyage. Yes, it was well worth it. We were glad we came.

There was too much else than this visit to West Derby that was delightful and novel for it to be possible to mention half the attractions this foothold on Europe held for us. There were the great solid public buildings, looking all aged alike with the grime of smoke, no matter how new some of them were. That soft-coal smoke cost us many changes of collars and cuffs a day, and a very troublesome frequency of visits to the washbowl, but it gives a tone of softness and of ancient origin to whatever inanimate thing it begrimes, which is one of the charms of European sight-seeing, strange as that may seem. There were the five miles of wonderful docks, with iron steam-ships destined for almost every port on earth, and with great sheds, heaped with freight, that recalled the water-sides in our Southern cities. There was the night side of the city too, with its faint yellow gas-lights and its swarms of wretched creatures, in whose publicity the English sense of individual liberty reacts against the pride and comfort of the whole people. There were the tedious slums, with such displays of bare brick walls and bare stone streets that it is a mercy the poor people are not insane instead of merely wretched and weak. It was not pleasant, by-the-way, to know that within a very few miles of all these crowded quarters there were two noblemen with parks that joined and extended twenty miles from end to end, and which the noblemen no more deserve by any logic known to man than the poor deserve their misery—except that both probably got their portions at birth.

THE PAN-AMERICAN CONGRESS UP TO DATE.

New York has had a better opportunity properly to estimate the character and capacity of the foreign delegates to the Pan-American Congress than any of the cities visited by them. Their stay here was more protracted than elsewhere. Instead of the half-dozen South American representatives to be found at any point of their journey through the West, almost the entire delegation enjoyed the hospitality of the metropolis. In addition to these considerations, the Congress came to New York after having been in session for a month, and so after public interest had been more intelligently directed to the scope of the work before it, and to the ability and standing of the gentlemen sent here by the republics to the south of us.

The common estimate of the South American delegates has undoubtedly been considerably revised during the past month, and is destined to be changed still more in the direction of a fuller recognition of their special fitness for the work intrusted to them. It would be a mistake to suppose that they were chosen with the slight care that seems to have been shown in the selection of the American delegation. The South American countries attended to the choice of their representatives with great pains. They have sent an able and brilliant body of men. Some of them are profound scholars and skilled linguists; others are trained and experienced diplomats, learned jurists, experts in finance, masters of commercial law, practised administrators, specialists in questions of international trade, or parliamentarians of reputation and skill. All of these special advantages for the work of the Congress have been already displayed more than once by the foreign delegates in the preliminary debates of the Conference, and are destined to be brought into greater prominence in future sessions.

There has been a general impression that the work of the Congress up to date has been very unimportant, and that, in fact, the time has been pretty much wasted in aimless and wordy debates. Some justification certainly exists for such an idea; yet the difficulties in the way of prompt and decisive action have been great from the nature of the case. The lack of a common language has been awkward and time-consuming, every speech and motion having to be translated back and forth from English to Spanish. Then there are some sharp differences between American and Spanish parliamentary practice, which inevitably occasioned some misunderstandings and delays at first. Nor is it so slight a matter to fix upon the best rules of procedure for a body of such unusual composition and gathered for such unprecedented purposes. So that it is really quite an achievement for the Congress to have cleared away all its preliminary work in a month, and now to be ready for serious consideration of the main questions to be presented.

It has been wisely decided to have most of the work done in committee. The different subjects have been assigned to men specially qualified to handle them. Careful study of the various projects proposed is already under way, and when the reports of committees come to be presented, and such measures as can be agreed upon submitted to debate, the public may look for able and illuminating discussions. The secrecy in which the proceedings of the Congress are shrouded is intended to guard details more than results, and there will be ample opportunity for the countries interested to know exactly what propositions are being debated, and what reasons are offered in their favor or against them.

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.

The year now ending has been liberal in its benefactions to Wesleyan. A new President, who is at once a scholar and a leader of men, a strengthened faculty, the addition of nearly $400,000 to the endowment—these are the facts of record. The new year will see the inauguration of plans for further increase in the means of the institution, and for the enlargement of its scope to the proportions of actual university work. The next academic year closes the sixth decade since the founding of the college.

At the last Commencement the Rev. Bradford Paul Raymond, Ph.D., D.D., was formally installed in the Presidency. Dr. Raymond is now forty-three years of age. Although a native of Connecticut, he has passed a large part of his life in the West. He was graduated from Lawrence University, at Appleton, Wisconsin, and after completing his theological studies at the School of Theology of Boston University, and serving a pastoral term in Providence, Rhode Island, he went abroad to spend the years 1880–81 in the study of philosophy under Lotze and other teachers at Göttingen and Leipsic. On his return to America he again entered the active work of the Methodist ministry; this time at Nashua, New Hampshire, where he remained until elected President of Lawrence University, in 1882. His work there closed last June, and left the institution greatly advanced in scholarship and resources. In addition to the indispensable faculty of administration, which Dr. Raymond has shown he possesses in an eminent degree, there were other qualities which commended him for the Presidency of Wesleyan. His attainments, especially in his chosen department of philosophy, are most scholarly, while those who know him best deem him a preacher of great power. His hopeful personality and generous sympathies

REV. BRADFORD PAUL RAYMOND, PH.D., D.D., THE NEWLY APPOINTED PRESIDENT OF WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY STEMSON.—[SEE PAGE 1043.]

have given him ready access to men; and these characteristics, with energy and quick appreciation of the needs of the college, have already, in the few months of his work at Middletown, won him the support of students and faculty.

The beginning of President Raymond's administration has been distinguished by one of the most admirable of recent educational gifts. At the semiannual meeting of the trustees of Wesleyan University, held in New York city, December 13th, Dr. Daniel Ayres, of Brooklyn, presented to the board cash and approved securities to the amount of a quarter of a million of dollars, accompanying the gift with no restrictions, save that the money be devoted to the promotion of scientific study in the university. Dr. Ayres, who for more than twenty-five years has maintained the "Ayres Prize" at Wesleyan for the best preparation for the college course, is not a graduate of this institution nor a Methodist. In 1838 he entered Wesleyan, remained there for three years of study, and then went to Princeton to spend a year in scientific work under the already eminent Professor Joseph Henry. He received the bachelor's degree from the latter college in 1842. Three years later he began the practice of medicine, and quickly became successful. Worthy professional services brought him membership in several foreign medical societies, and won the first mark of public recognition at home—the degree of Doctor of Laws bestowed by Wesleyan University in 1856. Dr. Ayres the next year became Professor of Surgery in the Long Island Medical College, filling this chair till 1875, when he was made Professor Emeritus. He is a man of great intellectual force. His interest in scientific study led him even while a student into thorough and original investigations, especially in the branches of physics and physiology; and he early determined that if able to contribute to the advancement of science by the establishment of foundations for research or instruction, he would endow for such ends the college which had set him in the way of learning and first approved his professional labors. During the last summer he gave $25,000 in money and land of at least equal value for the endowment of the chair of biology at Wesleyan. His recent unsolicited donation of $250,000 is the largest gift to education of the present college year in this country. It will promote in every line the scientific work of a college which was among the first American institutions to recognize the importance of natural science in the scheme of liberal education. This gift comes to Wesleyan not to build a monument to its donor, nor hampered with unscholarly restrictions, such as givers to colleges have sometimes imposed, but for the broadest scientific uses, under the supervision of the university authorities. Such unselfishness and educational foresight are noteworthy.

With the enlargement of scientific work which this increase of means makes possible, the humanities are not hereafter to be slighted at Wesleyan, as they have not been neglected in the past. Dr. Ayres chose for his gift the timely moment when the university's friends were preparing to meet its urgent needs by a general effort to add a half-million of dollars to its endowment. The announcement of his generosity was followed on the same day by a subscription of $60,000, leaving $190,000 of the amount named still unpledged. This balance will probably be in hand by the Commencement in June. Uses for such increased funds have long been foreseen. Among the needs which Dr. Ayres's gifts will meet are additional professorships in natural history and physics, the enlargement of the courses in biology and physiology, with the purpose of affording advanced preparation for the study of medicine, and probably the erection of a separate laboratory for the departments of physics and chemistry. So broadly does Dr. Ayres define the objects of his benefaction that he hopes in time to see a chair of philology endowed therefrom. The addition of another quarter of a million of dollars to the endowment will provide means for the remodelling and enlargement of the now inadequate dormitories, the erection of a building for recitation halls and college offices, and the establishment of new professorships in departments now much overcrowded. The present chair of history and political science will doubtless soon be divided, the new professorship to be known perhaps as that of the history of institutions. In English and the modern European languages, additional instruction must soon be provided, and it is probable that within a few years four endowed professorships will carry the work in these lines, which is now done by two professors, with the aid of an instructor. Such enlargement of the teaching force will permit many additions to the already large number of elective studies offered to undergraduates in the last three years of their course. At the next Commencement the faculty will present to the trustees a carefully considered plan of resident post-graduate study, leading to the degree of Ph.D. Graduate work for the master's degree is now required, and seven resident graduates are now studying in the historical and scientific departments at Middletown. The extension of this work requires, first of all, a large increase in the present well-chosen library of 38,000 volumes, and this will be one of the first and chief objects of expenditure.

DANIEL AYRES, M.D., LL.D., THE BENEFACTOR OF WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.—[SEE PAGE 1043.]

The property of Wesleyan University includes buildings and lands valued at $400,000; and library and apparatus, $110,000. The invested endowment, as shown by the treasurer's report, June 20, 1889, was then $698,500. To this sum add half a million of dollars, of which more than $300,000 are already provided, and Wesleyan will rank third among the New England colleges in the amount of interest-bearing funds. On the eve of the probable extension of the influence of the college, it is fitting that recognition be made of former benefactors, who have made possible the scholarly work of the past and present. Isaac Rich, of Boston, gave the first large donation, $100,000, to the endowment fund, and $40,000 for the erection of Rich Hall, the college library. Daniel Drew gave his note for $100,000, and paid the interest thereon for many years, but in the financial ruin which overtook him his generous plans for the institution went down with his fortune. Andrew Varick Stout was the first to come to the aid of the college in the financial difficulties which followed Mr. Drew's failure; he gave $40,000. Orange Judd built a solid foundation for Wesleyan's work in natural science by giving $80,000 toward the erection and equipment of the scientific building which bears his name and honors his generosity; Mr. Judd also contributed $10,000 for other uses. George I. Seney, of Brooklyn, has been the largest giver. Within two years the endowment fund was enriched by him to the extent of $250,000; the securities in which this sum is invested are now, with inconsiderable exceptions, paying good premiums, and yielding invaluable aid to the college. Mr. Seney has also given $50,000 for various immediate uses, while for several years he has devoted the income of $100,000 in general scholarship prizes to the members of the four college classes—making thus a total of $400,000 set apart by him for Wesleyan University. The late Oliver Hoyt, for some years the esteemed president of the Board of Trustees, gave in all over $100,000. The magnificent gifts of Dr. Ayres amount to more than $300,000.

The name of a university with which the fathers endowed Wesleyan has always been a pledge, unrealized for lack of means hitherto, except in the number and breadth and thoroughness of the undergraduate courses, but imposing on the institution the duty of constant growth, and binding it to provide the most liberal opportunities for advanced study in science, literature, and philosophy. The realization of this university ideal by the further elevation of the college course and by generous provision for the needs of graduate students is near at hand. H. C. W.

"SANTA CLAUS. "Yes, yes, I hear you, Chicago; but it isn't always the biggest stocking as gets the biggest thing, you know."

SOMETHING FOR THE NEW YEAR.

THE world-renowned success of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and their continued popularity for over a third of a century as a stomachic, is scarcely more wonderful than the welcome that greets the annual appearance of Hostetter's Almanac. This valuable medical treatise is published by the Hostetter Company, Pittsburgh, Pa., under their own immediate supervision, employing 60 hands in that department. They are running about 11 months in the year on this work, and the issue of same for 1890 will not be less than ten millions, printed in the English, German, French, Welsh, Norwegian, Swedish, Holland, Bohemian, and Spanish languages. Refer to a copy of it for valuable and interesting reading concerning health, and numerous testimonials as to the efficacy of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, amusement, varied information, astronomical calculations, and chronological items, etc., which can be depended on for correctness. The Almanac for 1890 can be obtained, free of cost, from druggists and general country dealers in all parts of the country.—[*Adv.*]

THE LIMITED FAST MAIL.

THE Union Pacific Railway, the Overland Route, has just put on a Limited Fast Mail Train to carry the United States mail between Council Bluffs and San Francisco and Portland. This daily Fast Mail train will carry a limited number of passengers, and in addition to the United States Mail Cars, and a baggage car, will be composed of a Pullman Palace Sleeper and Pullman Dining-Car for Portland, and a Pullman Sleeping-Car for San Francisco, thus accommodating a limited number of passengers.

The sleepers and the diner will run through from Chicago, via the Chicago & North-Western Railway. Only first-class tickets will be honored on this train.

This train, with its connections, makes the extraordinary time of 107 hours, New York to San Francisco, and 104 hours to Portland.

As accommodations are limited, early application for same should be made to the Union Pacific Agents in New York, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Chicago, or to E. L. Lomax, General Passenger Agent, Omaha, Neb.—[*Adv.*]

IMPERIAL GRANUM

Is the safest, most reliable, and wholesome FOOD for Infants and Children. The most nourishing, strengthening, and delicious FOOD for Nursing Mothers, Invalids, Convalescents, and the Aged.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,
"The Great Pain Reliever," cures
Cramps, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cts. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

NICHOLSON'S Liquid Bread is a non-intoxicating, yet invigorating, pure extract of malt. It is the beverage for the table.—[*Adv.*]

CORNELL'S BENZOIN COSMETIC SOAP
Prevents and cures chapped hands. 25 cts.—[*Adv.*]

BLAIR'S PILLS.—Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Sure, Prompt, and Effective. At druggists.—[*Adv.*]

No New-Year's table should be without a bottle of ANGOSTURA BITTERS, the renowned appetizer.—[*Adv.*]

DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER. Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25 cents.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

MANY an otherwise handsome face is disfigured with pimples and blotches, caused by a humor in the blood, which may be thoroughly eradicated by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It is the safest blood medicine in the market, being entirely free from arsenic or any deleterious drug.—[*Adv.*]

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HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

A MISFIT COUNTRY EDITOR.

BY HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.

HAMILTON DINSMORE was a fresh, eager, hopeful youth whose training for the work of the world had been about as bad as possible. Having neither affluence nor a competency, he was never taught the difficulty of replacing an expended dollar. He was kept in leading-strings so long, that when he missed the gentle guidance of the paternal hand he was adrift upon the sea of affairs without helm or needle. He was a lawyer, and might have been successful if there had been some one ready to provide a practice for him, and to compel him to understand its requirements. He once came very near receiving an excellent partnership through some drudgery which he had contemptuously and skilfully performed; but he lost his opportunity because he ignorantly and foolishly underrated the lowest round of the ladder. He had once read of a great lawyer who was carried out of court in a dead faint at the culmination of a magnificent burst of eloquence. This dramatic episode took possession of him, and prevented him from discovering that the practice of law is a business which yields the most to those whose conduct of it is based on strictly business principles. And this was especially true of the time when the name of Hamilton Dinsmore first appeared in gilt letters on a black tin sign somewhere in the vicinity of Wall Street. In those days in the metropolis it was well for a lawyer to have capital—in money or connections—and to keep constantly on hand a full line of judges of all grades to suit the desires or needs of customers.

It was one of Hamilton's hinderances that his preceptor, being an old-fashioned lawyer, knew nothing of customers, and even went so far as to despise all members of the profession who touted for clients. It is easy for a young lawyer to despise clients. The circumstances attending the payment of the first fee are often sufficient; a very young lawyer being likely to owe his first and perhaps his second and third employment to a belief in the minds of men that he is cheap—a belief which some adolescent attorneys regard it as their duty to dissipate. Hamilton Dinsmore was an enemy to small fees as he was to drudgery. He had a good deal of the feeling and pride of his profession, and some of its best learning; but he was, in the language of his fellows, a very slovenly practitioner. His first case was an action for rent, in which he proved everything but that the rent was unpaid. He forgot to ask his witness the requisite question, because it was a matter of routine. He forgot to serve papers on the right days; he drew wills in which no executors were named, and committed a thousand and one other acts of carelessness which annoyed and exasperated clients. During all this time he was in love, and the parents of the young woman objecting to his poverty and his prospects, he had all the trouble he could take care of out of the office, without being bothered by the uninteresting formalities of his profession.

Unless we count the discovery of the virtues of some *Montrachet*, of which a few score bottles are still left in the cellar of the restaurant to which the young man resorted when he had overcome the penuriousness of a client, all that Hamilton accomplished while he practised law was the writing of some political editorials for a newspaper of which one of his classmates was editor. Having succeeded in these, and having made up his mind that law was much beneath his abilities so long as clients were a condition precedent to income, he resolved to become a newspaper writer. One week he earned fifteen dollars by his pen, an ample guaranty of fortune, which by this time had come to mean a living. He therefore ran away with his inamorata, and after the marriage and reconciliation, spurning his father-in-law's offer of a home, he went into exile in a boarding-house situated in a distant byway of Brooklyn, closed his law office, sold his books, and sought for employment. He offered his services as a political philosopher, and they were declined. His friend suggested a place on the waiting list of reporters, or, as he denominated it, the "reportorial staff."

Matters began to look blue to the youthful couple, when, as he read the newspaper at breakfast one morning nearly a year after his marriage, Hamilton chanced upon this advertisement:

FOR SALE.—A first-class weekly newspaper; well established; located in one of the most beautiful villages of the Green Mountain State. Cheap for cash. Cause of sale, ill health of owner. Address—Zeno, Elmvale, Vermont.

It suddenly occurred to the young lawyer that he would very much like the quiet, modest, retired, studious life of a country editor. In an hour or two the summer's green of Elmvale and the academic opportunities of rural journalism became fixed in his imagination. He determined to become the guide and instructor of an intelligent New England community. An advertising agent gave him confidence, telling him that a good country newspaper was a mint of money, if it were "handled right." Why go into the details of the negotiation which resulted in the purchase of half of the Elmvale *Democrat* with the last $2000 remaining of Hamilton's patrimony?

Elmvale was one of the most beautiful villages of the Green Mountains. That much of the advertisement was true. For the rest, Hamilton found that Zeno was a carpenter. He had views on politics and religion, and the Elmvale *Republican*—always spoken of as the "county paper"—refusing to print his communications, he had deserted his trade and founded the *Democrat*, in order to have an organ for his own valuable thoughts, and for the delight and employment of those whose beliefs were unlike the prevalent creeds of the majority. The partner (name of John Adams Peewit) was a journeyman printer, who had been educated in a Boston "job office." The owner and editor of the opposition paper was more in accord with the orthodoxy of the community, and therefore more respectable. He was, however, quite as ignorant, and his editorials consisted of extracts from city papers, with an added comment, such as: "Our contemporary speaks like one who is posted." "We can only add, this is the truth." "We know that our readers will be well pleased because we give up so much space to this explanation of our party's platform. Henry Robinson, our popular candidate for constable and caterer, pronounces himself well pleased with it." The rival editor was at his best, however, in some such paragraph as this: "Henry Robinson, our popular caterer, opened the season yesterday by donating a whole freezer of his delicious new compound flavored ice-cream to the composing-room of the *Republican*. The boys pronounce it first-class. We dipped in with the editorial spoon, and say to our young men that if they do not give their young ladies a chance to sample it, they ought to be ashamed of themselves. We expect that Henry's ever-popular saloon will bring many a youthful couple to the nuptial bower during the coming season. Be ready, boys! Henry, come again!"

Hamilton Dinsmore then felt for this sort of rubbish very much more contempt than now agitates his experienced bosom when chance throws a country newspaper in his way. When he took charge of the *Democrat* he also pitied the community that was so poor in local intellectual pabulum. He was convinced that his success would be immediate and brilliant, and he brought out the first number of the *Democrat* with a ringing address to the county, by way of a salutatory, and with very little local news.

When Hamilton reached his office on publication day he found his partner, whom he always regarded as an excellent example of the industrious apprentice, in the "editorial room," a bare, ill-furnished place, usually littered with the wreckage of changing thoughts, now sticky with the paste with which the editor did up his ideas for the mail. Peewit's shirt sleeves were rolled up, and he was aproned. Dabs of ink here and there on his person betrayed that he was neither a cook nor a waiter. He was discontentedly reading the local page.

"That will stir them up," suggested Hamilton. He was clearly fishing for the compliment which he had failed to catch from the anticipated approving glances of the people he met on his way from the house to the office. His flattering unction was the thought that it was yet early, and the paper had not been long out. Here, however, was a man actually reading it, and from him he would wring applause.

"What do you mean?" asked Peewit, refusing to take his eyes from the page supposed to be devoted to local news.

"My salutatory?"

"Humph! haven't read it." Peewit threw down the paper spitefully, and went back to his presses, types, and inkpots.

Hamilton was chagrined for a moment, but eventually consoled himself by the thought that his partner was doubtless annoyed by the ludicrous inferiority of the paper as it had been to the paper as it promised to be. Then he went on with the preparation of his mail, soiling his hands with paste and half-dried newspapers. Two mails had been already lost because Hamilton did not realize the importance of sending off his edition at the same time every week. Presently Peewit put his head in at the door. His countenance expressed a struggle between fear of a man with whose power of retort he was unfamiliar and personal injury. At length he blurted out, accompanying his remark with a violent downward gesture with his clinched fist, as if he were again discarding the sheet, "Local news is a great deal better than stirrin' 'em up."

With this he popped back, but Hamilton had not time to recover from his surprise and to enjoy the angry antics of his partner. He was just about reflecting that the fellow would doubtless prove intolerable, and that he would probably be compelled to devote his own share of the first year's profits to buying the other half of the paper, when the shock head, inked face, and the upper half of a soiled shirt put in another appearance. "What 'll old Smith do when he sees we haven't got it? Why, he'll just laugh; that's what he'll do."

The head was about to disappear once more, when Hamilton called to its proprietor: "Don't be a jack-in-a-box, popping your head in and out in that fashion. Come in, and let me hear what you have on your mind."

HE MISSES A BIT OF LOCAL NEWS.

Peewit hesitated a moment. He was hot for reproof, but he dreaded explanation, and, above all, discussion.

"Come, out with it," said Hamilton, impatiently.

Peewit now put his whole body into the room, but he kept the door ajar and held it by the edge, as if he were determined to maintain a line of retreat.

"Why wasn't it in?" he said at length; "that's what I want to know." His grievance so filled his intellectual horizon that he did not comprehend the necessity of furnishing an antecedent for the pronoun. "Why, didn't you see it every day?" he continued, as if Hamilton must know the noun. But Hamilton did not, and exclaimed, impatiently, "Pray find your senses, and tell me what you are talking about."

"I know what I'm talking about."

"I wish you'd tell me."

"I've been tryin' to tell you. We don't move houses from one lot to another in this town every day."

"Oh! you're discoursing on local news." Hamilton recollected an old house that had been creeping up Main Street on rollers.

"That's it, exactly; and that's what we're here for. The Hazlitt house has been on rollers four days. They're moving it from the old lot to down near the buryin'-ground, and the whole town's been busy talking about it. Why, you've been passing it every day for four days, four times a day, and there is not an item in the paper about it. We're a pretty organ of public opinion. Now, the whole town's laughing at us and old Smith says he don't give a continental for an editor that looks ahead to a Presidential election in an off year, and don't see a house moving that's right under his nose."

Peewit was pleased with this; it was a wholesome insult to an upstart, and he went back to his task with a mind relieved. Hamilton sat staring at the spot where his partner had stood. He was in anything but a pleasant frame of mind, but as his nature was not subject to long attacks of gloom, he was able to very soon assure himself that the intelligent population of Elmvale and the adjacent country could not be so blind to higher interests as to permanently condemn an editor for overlooking a trivial incident in village life, especially when he gave them eloquent expositions of sound political principles. At the same time he was sorry that he had not seen a local item in the house-moving, and resolved to be more careful thereafter.

This resolution was further strengthened by two other events of the week. An old farmer stumped up to Hamilton's door, and denounced the *Democrat* because it did not contain an account of a "barn raisin' on to my place last week." Hamilton, having apologized, incidentally asked,

"Are you a subscriber?"

"N-n-n—well, no; but neighbor Hopkins be, 'n' I borry the paper from him for a readin'. I take the county paper, and lend it to him. Hopkins the same's me, though, 'n' he'll stop the paper ef ye don't pay more 'tention to doin's up to Shoatsberry."

There came, too, a letter from a regular correspondent, who complained that the new editor had omitted the most important item from his weekly budget, a puff of the local tavern-keeper, who had recently papered his parlor, and had doubtless given the scribe a dinner in return for the "piece." The item closed with the remark: "Charlie's table is as good as ever, and Mine Host and his lady like nothing so much as to be called upon suddenly to get up a meal for driving parties from Elmvale. They always send their guests away full of praise and, we may say, Mrs. Charlie's food."

Hamilton remembered that he had scratched out the barefaced advertisement in accordance with high newspaper ethics of which he had read in New York. In consequence of this, for several weeks the *Democrat* went without items from the most important town of the county outside of Elmvale, and the proprietors had material reasons to believe that the villagers sympathized with the correspondent and Mine Host. It is odd what a finish to rustic literature is bestowed by that simple, ancient, worn-out phrase, and with what a halo of unmerited obese jollity it surrounds meagre, shrewd, cold, calculating village landlords.

When the first pay-day came, Hamilton received another lesson in country journalism. The *Democrat* gave employment to three compositors: a gentle-faced country girl, whose father was a hill-town farmer—one of a large class in certain parts of New England to whom the constant expectation of the sheriff and the poor-house makes these institutions more familiar and less dreadful than

HE REJECTS A POEM BY THE OLDEST INHABITANT.

they are in most other communities. The second was a man, the victim of frequent epileptic fits. The poor fellow was constantly shaking, and he gave notice of a coming fit by a blubbering noise, which the boy apprentice—the third hand—interpreted into a request for aid. The blubbering always threw the other printers, including Peewit, into hilarious delight. Shouting out, "He's got 'em agin!" they seized the unfortunate man, and ran him headlong through the "Editorial Rooms," and out into the hall. There they gleefully shook him and slapped his back until the fit succumbed to force. Then the epileptic, smiling vacantly, wandered back to his case, and once more began shaking type into his stick, while the others returned to their tasks out of breath with laughter and exercise.

On the whole, Hamilton was not pleasantly impressed by his compositors, but they had to be paid, and he very early discovered that the meeting of this obligation was one of the most difficult problems with which he had to contend.

Saturday came, and Hamilton was busy finishing up his week's work. The afternoon was to be devoted by the Dinsmores to a "buggy ride," the culmination of village joys, its primacy being contested only by the anticipation, not the reality, of a voiceless, spoon-playing quarter of an hour in "our popular caterer's ice-cream parlor," the cold splendor of which made the temples throb even before the frozen corn-starch was ordered.

To Hamilton, in blissful contemplation of this outing among the hills, came Peewit. He had "cleaned up," and his fingers alone—their dinginess being impregnable—indicated his trade. In his hands were two little rolls of proof slips, each made up of smaller pieces pasted together. He sat looking out of the window for a while, wearing what may be called an embarrassed cast of countenance. His new partner, whose elegance always weighed upon him, kept on with his writing. At length his task was done, and he rose to go, when Peewit informed him that money was needed to pay the hands. During the week only $1 50 had been paid into the office, but so inexperienced was he, Hamilton had not been surprised by this. A faint conception of the approach of pay-day was stored away in a distant recess of his mind, but as he was engaged in a business, and as all businesses of which he had ever heard had a fashion of paying their way, he supposed that his own would not be eccentric, but that money sufficient would come around somehow or other.

The young man was rudely aroused when he learned that this "well-established" newspaper had not regularly paid its hands since its birth, and that the old firm had been constantly in debt to the girl, the epileptic, and the boy, until his own fortunate $2000 had been literally "blown in" for Zeno's and their benefit. It was a disheartening discovery certainly. After a vigorous expression of his mind, Hamilton paid the compositors from his own pocket with almost his last dollar. As he was quitting the office his partner said, somewhat mournfully, "Can't you let me have half a dollar?"

"What?" Hamilton thought that he could not have understood the man.

"I want a half a dollar to pay my washing bill."

This was absolutely overwhelming, and Hamilton stood looking at the fellow for several seconds in dumb surprise. Hamilton gave him the money, and went home in a state of bewilderment, and with an empty feeling in the region of the stomach, which impressed the newly awakened imagination with the apprehension that starving poverty might soon be the Dinsmore lot. There was clearly no buggy riding for the editor of the *Democrat*. That was a far-away luxury with which to gild the holidays of prosperous clerks in village stores. Such heights of bliss were not for a man whose partner was obliged to beg for fifty cents to pay his weekly washing bill.

Discouragement, however, was not so powerful an enemy that a pleasant Sunday could not put it to utter rout. Hamilton told himself, with the seriousness of a born business man, that his dream of an easy, quiet, studious life in the country was over, and that he must take off his coat and go to work. He composed a little code of business principles, and hired a collector. He determined that he would be a reporter as well as an editor, and he would show these Bœotians, who were still laughing at his failure to appreciate the news value of the house-moving, that local items not only might be made interesting, but that there was nothing in their character inconsistent with a proper respect for the English language.

The new collector was a sharp, hawk-nosed, goat-chinned Yankee of the wandering tribe. He had footed it all over the country as a tin peddler, a book agent, a greenback and woman suffrage missionary. He had "organized" the original list of subscribers for the carpenter-editor, and it was a very promising list. Hamilton's eyes glistened as he saw the hundreds, even thousands, of dollars that were due on the subscription account. Some of the debts were as old as the paper. The new collector said that the debts were all good, because he himself had "put the names on the list." He said that the list was first-class. It was only necessary to "handle it right." The advertising agent and his partner had said the same of the paper. Hamilton was contented by these assurances. There was a beautiful mystery about them which appealed to his imagination. The collector undertook to handle the subscribers right, and for a week or two brought in enough money for the hands, and a trifle over for the partners. The other bills—rent, paper, ink, taxes, and coal—were supposed to be paid out of the proceeds of advertising and the job office. One week, the third or fourth of his employment, the collector did not turn up on Saturday, but he came in on Monday to announce that he was too ill to go on with the work.

"Rheumatiz has got me," he said, as he threw down two dollars on Hamilton's desk.

Hamilton was by nature kind-hearted and sympathetic, but the astounding result of the week's work overcame his ordinary humanity. He gaped at the collector with open-mouthed wonder.

"Is that all you have?"

"Waal, it's all the cash I got. I was over to Brownson, whar I used ter live, 'n' I paid an old store bill with the rest uv the money."

"You did? Do you know what the law calls that sort of thing?" asked Hamilton.

"Waal, ye hain't no need to talk law. I'll pay ye back. No fear 'bout that."

"Pay it in an hour from now, or I'll have you arrested."

The collector was surprised, but he was not frightened.

"Take the law on me, will ye?" he shouted. "Ye needn't try to play any uv yer York games on this chicken. No, sir-ee. You git out yer warrant, 'n' I'll bust yer paper higher 'n Gilderoy's kite."

After a consultation of the firm, the idea of a criminal prosecution was abandoned, because Peewit firmly believed that the vagabond could accomplish his threat. "For," he explained, as he opened Hamilton's eyes to a new attraction of the *Democrat*, "Warner's a spiritualist, and most of our subscribers are of the same way of thinking."

"So you're a spiritualist?" said Hamilton, when the comedy of signing a worthless note had been solemnly enacted.

"Yes, sir-ee," said Warner, emphatically; "and so was the *Democrat* tell last week."

"O-ho!" thought Hamilton. "That's where the wind sits." And then he said aloud, "The *Democrat* said nothing for or against spiritualism last week, and is not likely to."

"No, sir; that's the pity of it." The propogandist was firmly angry. "Ye didn' say nothin', 'n' ye refused to say nothin'. Ye don't know what's goin' on in the world, 'pears to me; ye didn't seem ter reckernize when ye got a chance to print the poem that was writ—so the conclave decided U-nanimously; yes, sir, U-nanimously—by Jonathan Pringle's dead and buried July Ann. Ye didn' know what ye was refusin', as ye would hev ef ye'd hed light." The excited man paused a moment to wipe his brow, and then continued: "The *Democrat*, Mr. Dinsmore, was established, I know, for I was one uv 'em, on the eternal principle uv lettin' ev'ry one hev his say, especially sich as couldn't hev jestice from that old slop-bucket over the way, 'n' the gang thet owns its editor 'n' the hull town. Ye've changed that, Mr. Dinsmore, 'n' I wash my hands uv ye. I can't hev nothin' to do with a paper that hain't light. I said rheumatiz, so's not to hurt yer feelin's. I wouldn't hev said the truth ennyhow ef ye hadn' been near 'bout money matters."

This outburst and rebellion was on account of Hamilton's refusal of a poem, which began with these lines:

> "There is a spirit near to you;
> It's July Ann, so dear to you.
> She's come to tell right here to you,
> Some truth that has no fear to you."

The poem was too strong for Hamilton's ear or mind or religious feeling, and it was declined without thanks.

In a few days after the collector's larcenous farewell, the president of the conclave brought to Hamilton a list of persons who desired their papers stopped on account of the grievous insult to the "spirit poetess." Nearly every one of them was in arrears; but when Hamilton mentioned this, the president proudly announced that the debts would be paid.

"Our people may be poor, young sir, but they are honest, and they will pay every dollar of just indebtedness."

And this was the last that was seen of the president of the conclave, or of the money for which he was so ready to vouch. There are certain debtors who, as their debts grow in years, become the more insistent of their intention to liquidate and the more sensitive to the insult of demand. Warner's note and the unpaid subscription list hang together in the limbo of demands concerning which none but the debtors have any hope.

As the months rolled on they brought many miseries and very few joys to the Dinsmores. All of Hamilton's "York notions"—the best as well as the indifferent and the worst—offended the people whom he had undertaken to guide. He had not only ran counter to the political sense of a majority of his subscribers, many of whom were very worthy people, but he split his party "clean in two" by attacking the Greenbackers when the leaders were making efforts for a fusion; he mightily offended the Oldest Inhabitants' Society by the rejection of still another poem—its president's annual ode to himself. The *Eagle* had declined the old man's offerings for several years, but on strictly political grounds. No question was ever raised in Elmvale before Hamilton's day as to the literary merits of a "piece" that was spelled correctly and rhymed. The poem began in the following touching and playful manner:

> "Full threescore years and ten am I to-day,
> That is, if mother told the truth in ba-
> By days. I ween."

In the old man's opinion "I ween" was simply a form of expression like "Selah" in the Old Testament. As he explained to Hamilton, "It was jest chucked in for good measure."

Zeno opened his columns to the intellectual, moral, and political rag, tag, and bobtail of the community, and besides the people already mentioned who had withdrawn their countenances and dollars from the support of the *Democrat*, there were "the boys" of the Republican party who were not allowed to express their dissatisfaction with the "silk-stocking element" in Smith's *Republican*, and who were now excluded from the *Democrat*. Since the new editor's intrusion into the village he had offended the west end by advocating the building of the new town library at the east end, and the east end by intimating that the people who dwelt there, and among whom he had pitched his own tent on account of cheap rents, stood most in need of educational influences. He had angered the carpenters by advocating the destruction of fences, and almost every one by insisting that cattle should not be permitted to wander through the streets. It will be seen by any perspicacious person that he labored under a basic disqualification for country editorship. He had opinions on local affairs, and every Elmvaler with a proper respect for himself and a proper appreciation of the functions of a country editor resented the young stranger's interference. In the figurative language of the people, whose sympathies are almost exclusively with their fellow-natives, Dinsmore was "too big for his boots."

Mrs. Dinsmore keenly felt the social inconveniences if not the frowns of Elmvale. Unfortunately for her capacity to enjoy the kind of rural society in which she was placed, she had been brought up to respect the conventionalities of civilization, and she was consequently most grievously outraged by the manners and customs of her immediate neighbors, who were as persistent in visiting her as were the wives of offended respectability in declining to know her. Hamilton therefore sometimes found his domestic atmosphere surcharged with storm, his wife not being quick to catch or enjoy the humorous side of vulgarity.

One day, as he sought a haven of peace after a struggle with obese intellects at the office, his Penelope's petulant word to him was, "I wish that woman would stop at home."

She was so intent on this grievance that she forgot to tell her husband what had been on her mind until it was driven out by the obnoxious woman, namely, that the grocer had advised her that the family was eating more "fresh meat" than "leastways *I* can afford."

"Who is the offensive woman, my dear?" said Hamilton.

"Mrs. Smart. Do you know, Hamilton, the horrid thing says that it's all over the other end of the town that I used to be in a concert troupe, and that papa was manager? Mrs. Smithers says she met a woman at the beach who knows all about us."

"And exposed you?"

A little badinage drove away her troubles, and, having a pretty talent for mimicry, she went on to narrate what seemed to her to be the funny side of the afternoon's experience, of which naturally her husband was the victim.

Mrs. Smart had undertaken to bring the Dinsmores up to the Elmvale standard of domestic economy, and to make them popular. The furtherance of that purpose, indeed, had been the instigating motive of her call. In her philosophy, Hamilton, receiving less money from his printing-office than her husband earned as a locomotive engineer, was certainly not the latter's social superior, and she wished to prevail upon her neighbors, for their own good, to accept their equality.

Having, with fine feminine tact, established herself on a vantage-ground by the concert troupe story, she ventured to remark, "Seems to me Mr. Dinsmore's diffrunt from our folks."

"That's very probable."

Mrs. Dinsmore's stiffness was due to the fact that her social prejudice had been assailed by a lie.

"Well, it ain't right, if he means to get along."

"You must try to overlook Mr. Dinsmore's faults. He may overcome them, but he is laboring under the disadvantage of having been born and bred among gentlemen."

"Gentlemen's gentlemen, whether in the city or country, and manners is manners; 'n' manners is never highty-tighty."

Mrs. Smart fell from her vantage-ground with a dull thud, and expressed her feelings by nervously tightening her shawl about her. Social prejudice, however, had repelled her assault.

"My man's a gentleman up here, and a gentleman's a man that doesn't stick up his nose and live above his neighbors." Mrs. Smart was not angry enough, however, to abandon her errand and go home. "Mr. Dinsmore ought to live more like his neighbors ef he's a-goin' to stay here. He ain't sociable. He don't come over to our house, and set down comfortable with my man and the boarders. He's always got his coat on; never takes it off summer nights, nor when he's

to his meals." And now she saw a way to re-establish her ascendency over social prejudice, and she asked, "Mr. Dinsmore hain't no deformity, has he?"

"Certainly not." Anger sometimes rises to such full command over the faculties that direct reply is compelled where no response at all would be best.

"That is what *I* say," went on the persecuting woman; "although Sadie Wynkoop, my help, says she knows thet Mr. Dinsmore must hev a hump or suthin', else he wouldn't be so uncomf'table as to set down to his meals with his coat on when it's hot nuff to roast corn on the stalk. Lor', she don't know nothin' 'bout the fashions down York way. But what our folks don't like is unsociable ways, and ways that ain't their ways is unsociable. Ye don't like what I'm sayin' to ye, I can see that by the glintin' in yer eye. Thet's what pleases me, though. As I tell my Josh, I like him best when his eyes look like his engine's head-light, and then's when I know I'm doin' uv him the most good. Ye'll feel better when ye think it all over after I'm gone, and if ye take my advice ye'll never stop thankin' Hepzy Smart the longest day ye live." She seemed to pause for a reply, but as she received none she went on: "Now last Monday what'd we see over to our house? Why, Sadie Wynkoop and me just happened to look out the winder at your clothes-line, and there was a-hangin' on to it fust and last seven b'iled shirts, sure's you sit there. Now it can't be possible, ses I, thet Mr. Dinsmore musses up a clean shirt ev'ry day, but yer hired gal says it's so. Thet's either airs or dirt, Mrs. Dinsmore, 'n' ye can make the most of it. Ennyway, it's bad for your man in the opinion uv this neighborhood. He's got on a new suit o' clothes too this very mornin', and thet's another piece ov airs or extravagance."

When this was told to Hamilton he moaned aloud. Not only his opinions, but his clothes, his table manners, and his very familiarity with soap were against him in this persecuting community.

"As to clothes," he exclaimed, in his despair taking up the last count in the indictment, "this suit is all I've got. It cost twelve dollars, and I took it in part payment of an advertisement."

"Nevertheless, sir, you dress too well. I have Mrs. Smart's word for it."

It was as inevitable that Hamilton should come to taking pay in trade as it was that the first principle of his code should be that he would accept nothing but cash. Goods in return for advertising were better than nothing, but the system had serious drawbacks. The young woman printer, being enamoured of display, willingly took most of her wages in orders. So far this was well, but she exhausted the accounts at the best stores, and Mrs. Dinsmore was forced to accept what was left. In consequence, she, and the baby were clad in the odds and ends of the country store, whose proprietor was always contemplating another assignment. She had a few old-fashioned gowns of patterns that once satisfied the most rustic tastes, while the baby's legs, when they were clad, looked like barber poles.

It was not only for advertisements, but for subscriptions, that the proprietors of the *Democrat* accepted payment in trade. Cord-wood, vegetables, and even apple brandy were sent to Hamilton, while as for apples, the house was full of them. They appeared on the Dinsmore table in every form known to nature or art. The family had them raw, stewed, baked, in dumplings, in pies, in puddings. When the apples were not being eaten or cooked, they were filling up the hallways or rolling down-stairs, getting in the way of the baby and other human beings, and instead of performing their proper functions and sustaining life, threatening it with destruction. It had been a fruitful year for the orchards. Apples were lying in heaps on every farm, and the presses were spouting gallons of cider. Apples were cheap, and the farmers were delighted with the opportunity to pay their newspaper bills with them at the rates that prevailed the year before, when they were scarce.

Affairs were growing worse and worse. Poverty was pinching the young couple, and still the infatuated, hopeful Dinsmore kept on in his misguided course. He tried the effect of satire upon what he regarded as the narrow prejudices of the people. It was not understood. He reasoned, and he was met with indifference. He was discovered to be a fool at a bargain, and was most unmercifully plucked. Election and circus days alone brought money to his purse. The business of printing ballots, posters, dodgers, and other factors in the electoral machinery, and of advertising shows, is profitable; but the gleams of hope were illusive, and they only tempted the unfortunate country editor to further indulge in his disastrous taste for reforming the community. When he was nearly at the end of his career he had the hardihood to ridicule the fashion of decorating the garden paths with whitewashed pebbles; he was disrespectful to the town historian; he made a serious onslaught on the cheap Art Repository which was recommended to the culture of the village by the leading clergyman; he said that the dried-grass decorations in fireplaces were not neat; he was hilarious over the bed spreads, the worsted pictures, and the highly varnished frames of pine cones—prides of the county fair; he went so far as to declare the local band a nuisance. A witty contemporary, published by a roving printer, succinctly stated that this denunciation of the band illustrated "Brother Dinsmore's mistaken notion of village life. He wants the 'Moonlight Sonata' at a country picnic."

At first Hamilton heartily applauded the efforts of the temperance agitators, and aided them sincerely and with all his power. A great deal of good was done by them, but at length there happened one of those incidents which are sure to mar every moral movement depending for its impetus and maintenance on the feverish excitation of the community.

There are very few villages in the country which have not known their drunken tinsmith, or hatter, or cobbler, or sailor. Mechanics who sit down to their work seem to be peculiarly open to the temptations of drink. It is difficult to explain this phenomenon, but it may be that when a man works on his feet his strongest desire is to go home and sit or lie down, while the man who pursues a sedentary trade best obtains his rest by standing up before a bar. Elmvale's leading drunkard was a tinsmith, and he was converted by the great Murphy's first address. This was admirable, but the whole village began at once to make a hero of the tinsmith. He was not only elevated on a pedestal, but he was transformed into a moral teacher, and instead of modestly recognizing that he had been very recently a slave of degrading habits, he had the effrontery to daily upbraid from the high plane of the town-hall platform men who had been very much his superiors only a day or two before. Young women went in raptures over the reformed inebriate. A subscription was proposed to set him up in business, and he was invited to preach on Sunday evening in one of the churches.

The feeling of the village for this reprobate being so intense, the *Democrat*, as a matter of course, undertook to run against the stream. Hamilton warned the people against frenzy, not understanding that village monotony must be broken up in some way, just as some sedentary mechanics must have their alcohol. He insisted that the tinsmith's resolution ought to be tested before all the rewards of reformation were thrown at his feet. It was like taking an habitual drunkard at the beginning of a periodical spree and reasoning with him on the baleful effects of stimulants. The whole village rose up against the caviller. It stormed at him. Shop-keepers withdrew their advertisements. He was denounced as the "friend of the rum power." He was charged with being a "moderate drinker." The tinsmith himself thundered at him from the platform of the town-hall, and became more than ever the admiration of the intoxicated masses. When, after a few weeks of abstinence, he returned to his drunkenness, Hamilton was not vindicated. On the contrary, it was asserted that his doubts of the man had so wounded his sensitive spirit that he was driven to the bowl in order to drown his despair.

The Dinsmores hardly needed the experience to satisfy them that Hamilton's experiment was a failure, but this tidal wave of antagonism compelled the young editor to promise his wife that he would acknowledge his defeat, provided that after a personal examination he should discover that his subscription accounts were as bad and worthless as his collectors reported. He made this examination without consultation with Peewit. The relations of the two were strained, each feeling that he had been snared by the other, Hamilton by Peewit's assent to Zeno's misrepresentations, and Peewit by the deceptive appearance of large capital which the possession of two thousand dollars in ready cash lent to Hamilton.

This young editor, with the end of the hoped-for quiet, studious, and instructive life looming clearly into view, started out on a collection tour. He selected two towns, the richest in the county, whose fertile valley farms were the pride of the country-side. Hamilton had found with surprise that nearly every one of his subscribers in these two towns was not only in arrears, but had taken the *Democrat* from the first, and had never paid a dollar. He wandered up and down the beautiful street of one of these towns, shaded by century-old elms and bordered by fine houses. He wondered why people who dwelt in the midst of such smiling prosperity did not pay their debts. He inquired for his subscribers. No one knew them. He went to the post-office and showed his list to the postmaster, with a request that that official might direct him to the whereabouts of the persons whose names graced it.

The quiet old man looked it over with a conscious smile. Finally he said, "Be you the editor of the *Dimocrat?*"

Hamilton confessed.

"Do these people owe ye money?"

Hamilton assented.

"Be they all ye've got on yer list in this town."

Hamilton admitted. He was searching for truth.

"There bean't one of 'em 's good for a dime. Young man, you've ben took in, 'n' I'm sorry fer ye, ef I am on the other side the fence."

He directed Hamilton to the part of the town in which these people lived. The young man was greatly subdued. He realized now that whatever his mission in life, it was not editing a country newspaper. He was grateful for the postmaster's sympathy—very grateful. He had had only a little in Elmvale, and this was the first that had been offered to him by any one who in any way represented the prevailing sentiment of the community; and yet there are a few friends whom he will never forget. He found his subscribers among the hills—the poor fungi of the rich town. The subscribers of the other town were their immediate neighbors. These people are to the rest of the population of New England what the Cracker is to a well-bred Georgian. Hamilton found them poverty-stricken, saffron-faced, unwashed, underfed. The man of the family wore blue jeans and a musk-rat cap; the woman wore one garment of faded calico, and her hair was always tumbling down. It was a community of Rogue and Pleasant Riderhoods, lacking, however, the criminal enterprise of the male of that worthy couple. There was universal depravity and a great deal of physical deformity among these subscribers of the *Democrat*. Hamilton's request for money furnished the pleasant excitement of surprise to their dull minds.

"What! did ye come 'way over here fer that?" asked one Rogue Riderhood, who seemed to be a trifle superior to the rest. Hamilton learned afterward that he had actually risen to the grade of larceny. "It's too bad," he said. "And it's a hired team," he went on. "It'll cost ye a clean five-dollar bill, 'n' all fer nothin'. Why, mister, we hain't no money over here."

"Why did you take the paper then?"

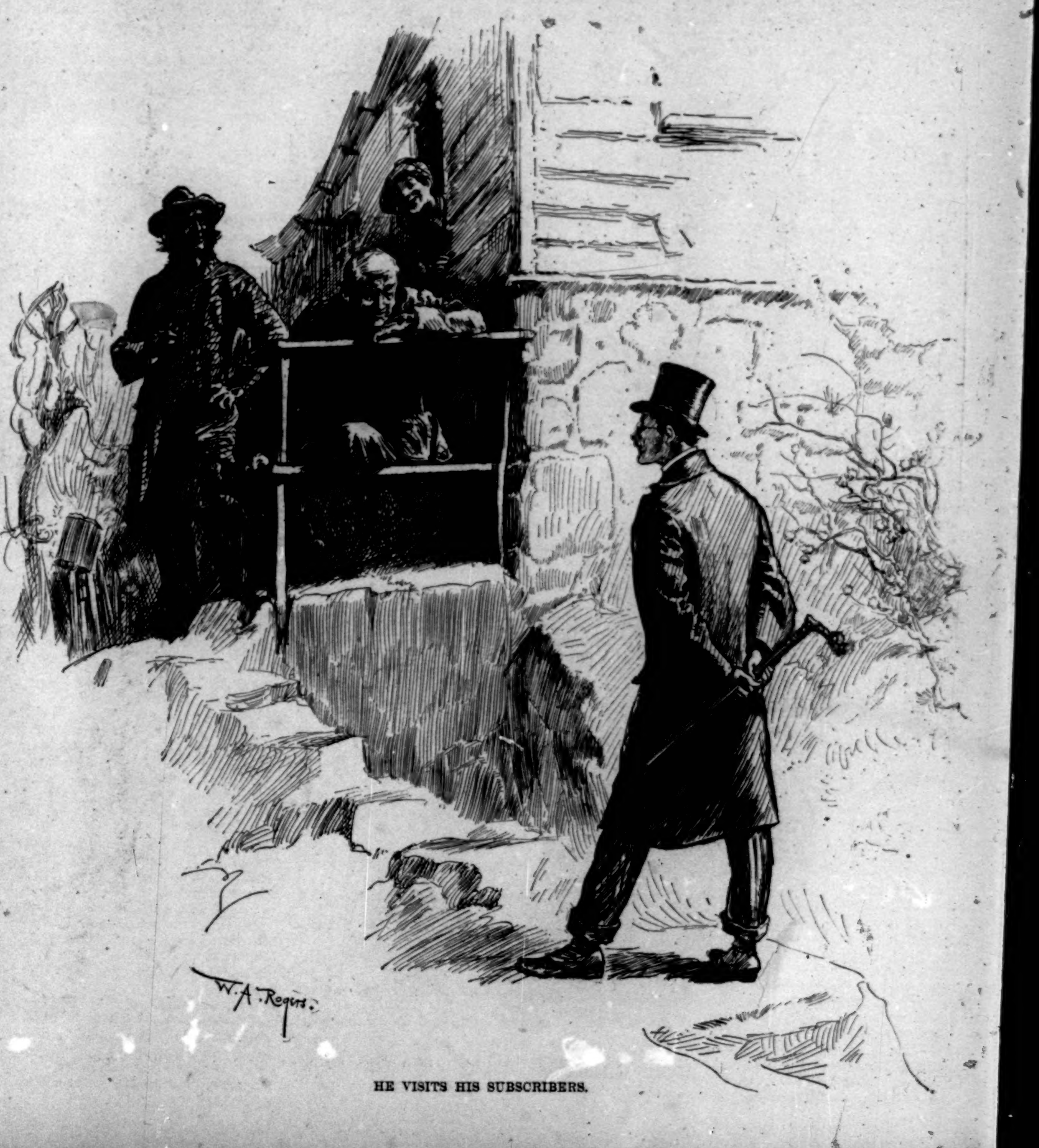
"Why, we didn'—that is, not jest rightly *take* it. This is the way it was. Sim Warner cam' over here nigh five year ago, 'n' he says that he was a-gettin' up a paper that was uv our way uv thinkin', which it ain't no longer, boss; and he says ef we'd take it we might pay when we could 'n' ez we could."

Hamilton had heard enough. The whole philosophy of the subscription list was revealed to him. He started off, but the speaker of the tribe was not yet through with him.

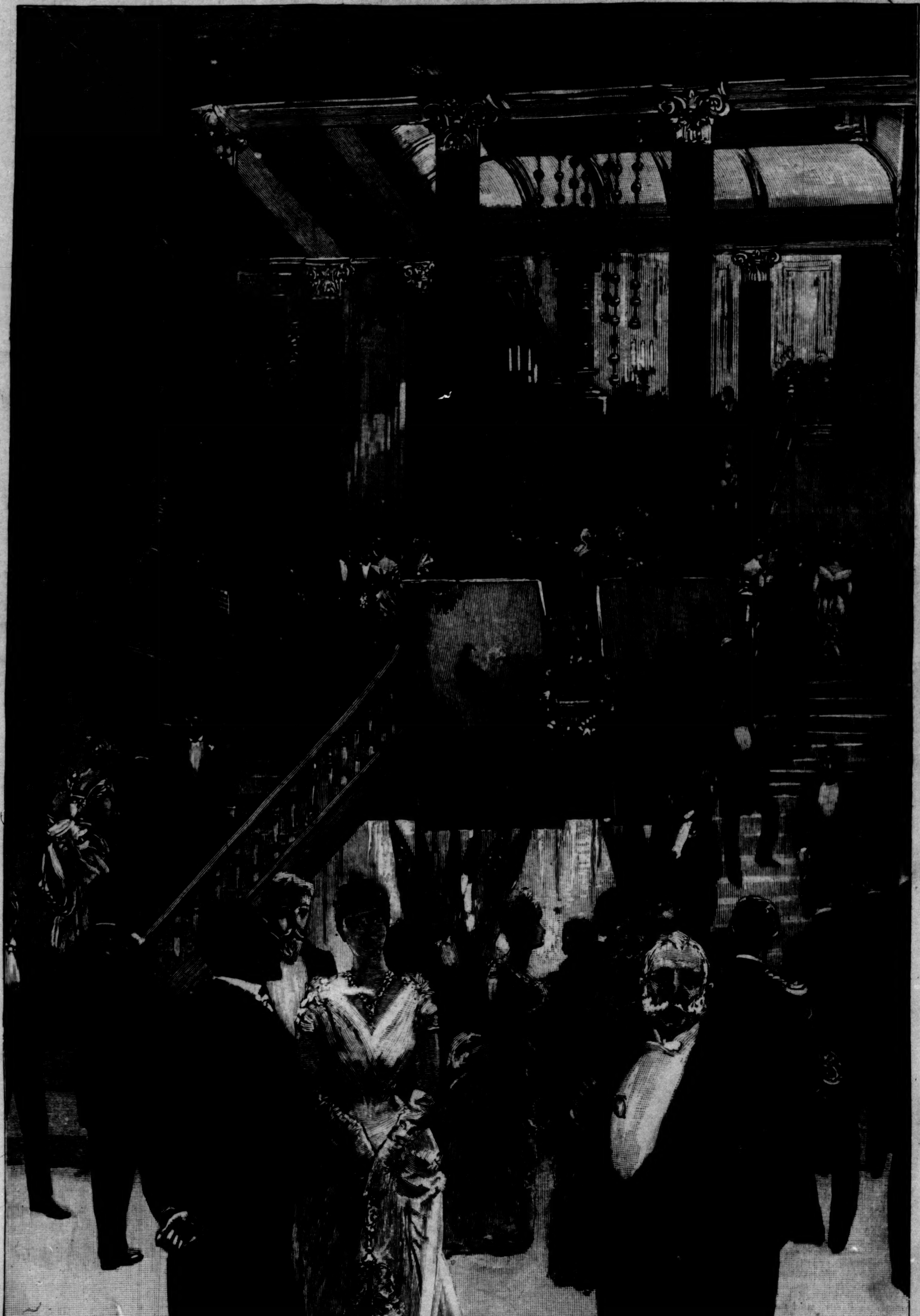
"I say, mister," he called out, "ye kin stop my paper to oncet; it hain't my principles no more." And he muttered to the miserables about him, "Pretty idea askin' money for sich a paper's thet!"

The Dinsmores said good-by to Elmvale joyously. They had come to old Mrs. Dinsmore's conclusion that it would be better, at least much more comfortable, to starve in congenial society. Their half of the *Democrat* was presented to a local genius, who belonged to the fighting and unthrifty minority of the community. Under his management the organ of unreason died in two weeks. After Hamilton had settled down to work in the city, he received a clipping from the newspaper which had philosophized on his attitude toward moral life. It contained his obituary as a country editor, and is as follows:

"Hamilton Dinsmore, who tried to run the Elmvale *Democrat*, has given up his job and gone home to New York. He came to the country to teach folks how to be citified, but he found out that the intelligent people of Vermont have their own notions. They thought him an upstart; but he was a pretty good fellow, if he was away out of his reckoning. Like the man who fooled with a mule, he isn't so handsome as he was, but he knows more. He is a well-educated young man, of black hair and complexion, and would rather have a fight than his dinner. He is about as fit for a country editor as a bull is for a china shop. But he might have succeeded better if he hadn't dressed so well."



HE VISITS HIS SUBSCRIBERS.



RECEPTION OF THE DELEGATES TO THE PAN-AMERICAN CONGRESS AT THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB, NEW YORK CITY.
Drawn by Graham and Rogers.—[See Page 1043.]